

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I.	On Ugliness in Fiction.	EDINBURGH REVIEW	451
II.	Mechanism and Life. <i>By Marcus Hartog</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	468
III.	The Power of the Keys. Chapter VIII. Two Axes to Grind. <i>By Sydney C. Grier.</i> (To be continued.)		478
IV.	A Lion-Hunt in the Eastern Transvaal.	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	485
V.	Author to Artist. <i>By Owen Seaman</i>	PUNCH	498
VI.	"Los Peares, Un Minuto." <i>By R. B. Cunninghame Graham</i>	NATION	499
VII.	Probationary. Chapters V and VI. <i>By Edmund Candler.</i> (To be concluded.)	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	503
VIII.	Tipping.	SPECTATOR	508
A PAGE OF VERSE			
IX.	Song of the Thrush. <i>By Alfred Perceval Graves</i>	SPECTATOR	450
X.	Love and Duty. <i>By Kate Mellersh</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	450
XI.	The Keeper. <i>By Alexander J. Grant</i>	NATION	450
XII.	Sometimes. <i>By Thomas S. Jones</i>	WINDSOR MAGAZINE	450
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		511



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SONG OF THE THRUSH.

[After the Welsh of Rhys Goch.]

With dawn's rosy beams
 A rapture far ringing
 Aroused me from dreams
 And guided me forth.
 Aloft his rapt lay
 A lone thrush was singing—
 The Druid of day
 To worshipping earth.
 And still without falter
 On Nature's high altar
 Ministrant he offered
 His song's sacrifice.
 Strains passing all words,
 From Gwalla's green psalter,
 That Bard of the birds
 Poured forth to the skies.
 On the meadow bank green,
 His orisons over,
 I saw the thrush preen
 His wings and his breast;
 The clear honey dew
 He slipped from the clover.
 Then joyously flew
 To his mate on her nest.
 And there a love metre
 He fashioned far sweeter
 Than ever in words
 I had woven before.
 And with its gold harks
 To-night when I greet her,
 My Lunnet, methinks,
 May love me once more!

*Alfred Perceval Graves.**The Spectator,*

LOVE AND DUTY.

O Love! if I seem heedless to thy call,
 Think'st thou I do not hear? Can I
 not see
 How narrow is the space that parts
 from me
 The flower-strewn pathway where thy
 footsteps fall?
 My way lies through the thorns. How-
 ever small
 The space between, I may not pass
 to thee;
 So near and yet so far our ways must
 be—
 Ay, side by side—until the end of all!

But God gives comfort, and I know
 mine eyes—

When I shall come unto life's verge—
 will cast

One look abroad into sweet Paradise,
 And see the ways He parted in the
 past
 (He knoweth why, for only God is
 wise)—

Duty and Love—converge and meet
 at last!

*Kate Mellersh.**Chambers's Journal.*

THE KEEPER.

God placed a Life in my hand
 As I passed Him by on the Waste,
 And He said, "Dost thou understand?"
 And I answered "Yea," in my haste.

And the Life held life and waxed
 strong,
 And its beauty was fair to see;
 And it knew not of right nor of wrong.
 And went in my ways with me.

But one day it left my care,
 And stumbled on, slow, behind;
 And at last, from I knew not where,
 I heard its cry in the wind.

I passed God by on the Waste—
 I had no Life in my hand—
 And God stayed me long from my
 haste,
 And taught me to understand.

*Alexander J. Grant.**The Nation,*

SOMETIMES.

Across the fields of long ago
 He sometimes comes to me.
 A little lad with face aglow—
 The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully,
 Once he has crept within—
 I think that he still hopes to see
 The man I might have been!

*Thomas S. Jones.**The Windsor Magazine.*

ON UGLINESS IN FICTION.

It is well that all whose interest in the fine arts is that of consumers, as it were, of artistic products should every now and then pause and do their best to recognize and appraise any pronounced tendency in the producers. And we shall forestall a not unnatural accusation of ungraciousness, if we admit at starting that there is no need to be on the watch to mark or to commend what is good. Following the Darwinian theory in the physical world, we may say of Art that its beneficial developments may be left to themselves, they will survive. But the converse of this, that untoward variations, if let alone, will die out, is not as true in artistic as it is in biological evolution. It behooves us all therefore to be ever on the alert, and to watch whither the idiosyncrasies of artists, or our own taste, or both, acting and reacting on each other, may be leading art.

It is no paradox to say that there flourishes just now a cult of ugliness. It is not confined to literature, for witness a vast deal of the fashionable portrait painting, from some even of Mr. Sargent's presentments downwards. Is it too much to suggest that our painters seem sometimes to revel in depicting and exaggerating the defects of the features which they transfer to canvas? Is there no love of hideous conception in such a picture as that of Satan playing the lute to a convent of nuns, which we saw folk besieging in the Royal Academy a season or so ago? But pictures are beyond our present scope; our business is with literature. And in literature, with prose for the moment, rather than with poetry, otherwise Mr. Davidson's ballad of "The Nun" were an instance calling for some remark. But we propose now to deal only with prose, and of that with a single though very important department, as times go, the novel.

There can, we think, be no doubt whatever that a straining after the perverse and the ugly in modern fiction is lamentably actual and widely spread. Impurity and horror have been existent in literature from its earliest days; but they were never congenital in its higher forms, nor conceived and elaborated for the mere love of them. Even the terrible crime and plot of the "Agamemnon" is but an element in the long legend of the fated House of Pelops, and was no conscious and perverse invention of Æschylus himself. The "Iliad" and "Odyssey" offer a presentment so varied as to be well-nigh exhaustive of virtue, endurance, truth, meekness, ruffianism, falseness, dishonor, and treason, as such qualities were conceived at the several epochs of those poems. But in them, elements that are repulsive take their place as constituents of an organic whole, in a co-ordinate proportion, possibly unconscious, but none the less artistic, and which leaves us without any trace of a sense of offence.

No epoch, however, has been able to claim a monopoly of any fault, and we are far from forgetting that the propensity against which we are protesting has existed from of old. But our own age has achieved a bad eminence in this manifestation, and, indeed, as we glance back over the centuries we cannot recall any other time when the choice of the disagreeable has been so determinedly avowed. A story is on record, mythical it may be, but still instructive, that the inhabitants of some Grecian city put to death an eminent sculptor because he had ventured to make too faithful an iconic statue of a citizen whose personal beauty was not on a level with either his intellectual acquirements or his civic desert. Crucifixion, strangulation, or a bowl of hemlock might be too strong a measure

to take to-day with the painters and carvers of certain portraits and busts, or with the writers of certain poems and stories; but the less drastic application of critical censure and literary appeal may surely be forgiven to those who feel that such productions are alike injurious to art itself, to its professors, and to the public, who are at once its patrons and its pupils.

Moreover, the ancient statuary, whose fate we have remembered, probably erred in the pursuit of accuracy alone; his subject was supplied to him, and he was not responsible for the limbs or features of his sitter. He did not invent capriciously, he only copied with undue fidelity. The complaint against our literary moderns is that they deliberately set to work to imagine the grotesqueness in circumstance and character, which they afterwards elaborate with the eagerness of love and worship. It is sometimes urged that this process is but to broaden the comprehensiveness of beauty, and to add to the multiplicity of its types. We deny this most strenuously. We have already admitted by implication that completeness in literary structure demands contrast, that, life being full of complex declinations, it would be a sin of omission against nature to present nothing save perfection of form, of intellect, and of morals; and we may further concede that such symmetry, besides being faulty in its faultlessness, would be inexpressibly monotonous and dull to reader, beholder, and artist alike. No doubt, balance as well as variety in the constituents of a novel, an epic, or a play must be provided and preserved; nobility of aim must be set against infirmity of purpose; virtue must be confronted by vice; straightforwardness pitted against duplicity; and even the graver forms of villainy must not go unrepresented in their place and turn. Sprightliness, melancholy, caution, rashness, stupidity, genius, gen-

erosity, and selfishness must all go to furnish the *laxe satura* of society; and society after all stands for the materials of a novel. Where would fiction be without its Blifils, its Pollexfens, its Rashleigh Osbaldistones, its Lord Wintlers, its Carkers and its Fagins? And if such arch-roguers are to be retained, how still more deplorable would be the loss of the spotted ladies and gentlemen from Lady Bellaston and Tom Jones down to Becky Sharp and Rawdon Crawley. In all worthy novels, however, the sense of proportion prevails, characters are grouped, and the groups form well-fitted sections of an harmonious tessellation. The repellent is present, even if unalloyed, as an ingredient, an accident in the medley, not as a main purpose to which a few puppet-like incidents are made to subserve, or a pivot around which they are made to revolve.

Another plea, that the pleasant and the beautiful are topics that have been exhausted, must be mentioned but only to be brushed aside. Surely the more complex life becomes the ampler is the scope for full and well-graduated varieties, and the less excuse there is for the unredeemed development of some single distasteful thesis or some intolerable personal type.

In short, ugliness, though it may be valuable as an accessory to the execution, should never be congenital to the conception, of a story; and we trust that the instances which we shall presently cite will at once illustrate our contention, and justify our claim for the necessity of intervention.

It is probably true that the fault of which we complain expresses a revolt against a weakly and only less blameable propensity to commonplace prettiness; but, even so, though it may appeal for sympathy, it cannot earn pardon. If Scott, Austen, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Mr. Meredith have all escaped prettiness and yet have re-

mained wholesome, why not continue the good methods of five such literary champions? We fear that the only candid answer to the challenge would be "Because we could not bend their bows, couch their spears, handle their rapiers, or swing their broad-swords; and so must try some other weapon." Originality is the besetting passion of the second-rate, who know not how to make their mark by good work in the fields, however spacious, however fertile, wherein their greater predecessors have roamed and toiled. The truth is that the yearning after originality is a sure sign of the lack of it; it is a phase of the paucity of true invention, and so of the absence of genius. It seeks the strange, the fantastic, and the perverse, as a refuge from the alternative pitfall of slavish imitativeness. To change the metaphor, the cry of those who are conscious of it is, "We must not run on in the rut, so let us fling up our heels, and kick over the traces." And yet a middle way remains along which genius may carry on for many a good stage yet, as the three great new novels of Mr. De Morgan abundantly testify. If that gentleman at some moments recalls Dickens, at others Thackeray, at others again Mr. Meredith, it is as a worthy recipient and transmitter of the torch, not as a slave; as a cultivator intelligently adopting the grand results of time, and not as a mere gleaner in the harvest fields of the past.

But here, once more, we must not generalize overmuch. Some of the offenders of whom we are thinking are above the ranks of those who only rebel from a consciousness of incapacity. There are men and women writers, both, who have shown that they have been given a coal from the altar, but who have all the same been guilty at whiles of what we have not scrupled to denounce as treason to themselves and to their art. Let us also say at once

that among the works which we have selected as examples there will be found none that are not of substantial literary merit, apart from the one underlying flaw. We have deliberately discharged all trumpery culprits. Let such go howl for ever in the forgotten fields—to adapt what is equally a phrase of Lord Tennyson and a reminiscence of Dante. Nor shall we deal with works distinctly immoral, that is, of palpably unclean intent. The books that lie before us are by authors of whose power and position in the literary world we think, and desire to speak, with all proper respect. In matters of art it is only the worthy who are worth censure; the worthless must indeed be aggressive if they cannot be passed by.

Let us confess that we care more for the writers than we do for the readers of books. Not that we would for one moment be thought to be so cynical as to overlook the missionary office of authors, or to ignore the baleful influence of bad literary nutriment upon those who are brought up upon it. In economics it is the consumer, not the producer, who demands consideration; it is the duty of the economist to take care of the first, and to let the second take care of himself. But in literature the primary need is the other way. The preservation of the self-respect of writers is a sacred duty owed to themselves and to art; they are the priests and priestesses of a temple whose marbles it is their function to keep scrupulously clean. Men and women of genius bring upon their souls a lower debasement by throwing themselves into the enthusiastic development of evil and ugly types, than they would by a great deal of actual personal misconduct. To poison the stream at its fountain is worse than merely to make it turbid lower down. The subject-matter of his main labor moulds the man, and the artist unconsciously trans-

forms himself. "Use," as one of Shakespeare's two Veronese acquaintances observed, "breeds a habit in a man," and the modeller gradually becomes assimilated to his own models. Further, sad as the reflection may be, it is more easy to incline to the lower than to the higher, even when unassisted by an audience or a public. But of the powerfulness of the last-mentioned factors who is not conscious? What self-examining orator has not had his moments when confession has been forced upon him that, as his career has advanced, he has talked more and more down to the level of his audiences, and has slackened more and more in his efforts to raise them to his own earlier plane of motive, language, and thought? Do we not remember that it is told of one who, judged by the highest standard, might have been even a greater artist than he was, that, when taken to task for having bestowed too much of himself upon infantile subjects, he answered his monitor in the phrase, "One must paint for the mothers"? And, in like manner, is it not only too certain that a similar quest of popularity has told for much in that production of undesirable invention against which we have set ourselves to write?

There is yet another natural propensity which prompts the selection of unsavory subjects. It is the desire to achieve a *tour de force*, to make the distasteful palatable, to veil the hideous, it may be even to forge something effective by way of *apologia* for what is outside the pale. We are far from saying that such attempts may not be tinged with a charity which must be allowed to atone for some part of the self-glorification ensuing upon the consciousness of success. But even amiability may be over-costly, and that both to its evincer and to its witnesses. And the obscuration of a moral issue, and, we will add, the degradation of

the sense and standard of beauty, can only work for evil in each direction, however or for whatever it may have been brought about.

It will be recognized that what we are dealing with is that which is apart from and antecedent to "treatment"—namely, the conception of character and plot. In many of our coming illustrations the treatment is as blameless as it was possible to make it, the hypothesis once conceded that the subject had to be treated at all. But it is just that necessity which we deny, and the self-indulgence which takes it for granted that we reprobate.

We have long been made familiar with the maxim "Art for Art"; it is the watchword of irresponsible and incorrigible cleverness which laughs at morality, while it waives aside control. In France it has produced the worst excesses of the novel and the gravest eccentricities of the Salon. It would seem to be seriously spreading in this country, and already it has infected what, if we are to judge by the wide diffusion of influence, has become, for good or evil, one of the most important branches of literature. We cannot afford to let the evil grow without protest. Fidelity to beauty is what makes art powerful for good; and ugliness, conversely, is the first stage in that broad road of decadence which passes on through shamelessness in taste and ends in immorality in conduct.

Lest we should be thought to exaggerate this peril, we may say that, with the very smallest amount of research or assistance, we have recalled or collected some thirty novels of the complete representativeness of which there can be no question. We feel, moreover, perfectly sure that, had it been necessary, we could have doubled or trebled this number without lowering the standard of illustration. They are all by writers who have made or are making a reputation, and the dates of

their publication do not go back beyond the last fifteen years. We have read carefully all those which we have got together. We desire to speak of their authors with due respect. We are even ready to confess that in the course of our reading we have been many times completely seduced by their incidental beauty and power in treatment of landscape, in dialogue, and in perfectly legitimate analysis of character and emotion. Occasionally, too frequently in fact, we have resented the barefaced description of incidents which had best have remained unrecorded—*irreperta et sic melius sita*—but in the main it is against the conceptions selected for development rather than the methods of development that we protest. We have indeed lighted upon books which have seemed to us to have been written avowedly as sallies in a false crusade against moral theories in which we have been educated, and with which we still venture to hold most obstinately that the welfare of mankind is bound up. But such growths of the weed-garden we have flung away, both as foreign to our purpose, and as negligible monstrosities which at present at all events are best left without notice because they are not worth rebuke.

It is time now that we turned to our selected instances. We do not intend to cite more than half of those at our disposal. In no case shall we give more than the briefest analysis of the theme or plot which is compatible with its exposure as a subject unfit for elaboration. And if it be urged that it is unfair thus to reduce a story to its bare poles, we answer that anatomy cannot be demonstrated upon bodies where the muscles, fat, organs, and skin impede access to the bones. And we insist once more that our skeletons are not laid bare from lack of appreciation of the plenishment which we remove, but simply in order to ascertain

whether they do or do not form a basis upon which any edifice, whatever its secondary merits, ought to have been built up; remembering that the influence of the bad substructure remains clear and outstanding, long after the specious and superimposed picturesqueness, pleaded in atonement, has worn out and passed away.

"The Village Tragedy,"¹ is the earliest in date of all our specimens. It is also the earliest work of its gifted authoress, and for this reason we should have been glad to pass it by. But it is too clear and convincing an instance of faulty conception in contrast with delicate and blameless treatment to be foregone. An emigrant from the country, having drifted to London, is decoyed into marriage with a worthless slut of a woman, and dies leaving a daughter some fifteen years old. The girl is delicate, and not wanting either in moral instinct or mental aptitudes. An uncle takes her from the clutches of the drunken mother and carries her off to his native village near Oxford. He and his wife, or sister, it matters not which, are living on a small farm. They are hard, narrow-minded, capable not only of prejudice, but of the tyranny and cruelty which are apt to spring from it. They are never sympathetic, and they leave the girl much to herself. She is in fact their household drudge. The only companion possible to her is a lad on the farm, well-meaning but stupid, and himself a workhouse child. As his father is alive and apparently a fairly flourishing barge-contractor, it does not appear why he was not originally forced to support his son. The two young folk gradually fall in love with each other, and the girl's relatives are made immediately to put a bar upon all further intercourse between them. A quarrel is arranged between the aunt

¹ "The Village Tragedy" by Margaret L. Woods, 1892.

and niece over some young turkeys which the latter is supposed to have neglected, though they have in fact been let out of their hutch by a malignant village idiot whom the aunt will out of sheer perversity insist upon tolerating. The poor girl is driven out of the house to find the birds, though night is coming on. A thunder-storm of preternatural violence is invoked to make her condition desperate, and she is found by her lover drenched and half dying, and taken by him into a ruinous old house where he lodges alone. He brings her home in the morning as pure as when he found her. On learning where she has passed the night, her precious guardians refuse to hear any explanation, and repudiate her for ever. A further element is introduced in the shape of an insouciant old fool of a vicar and his almost equally insouciant wife. Either of these, if they had lifted a finger, could have brought about an immediate marriage between the two victims of the story, who are left to an unhallowed, though otherwise innocent, union, simply because they are misled into the belief that the man being under twenty-one years of age cannot legally marry without his unnatural father's consent; and this, for no other earthly reason than that of bringing about a catastrophe, is withheld. So the two live together till a child is on the eve of birth, when a chance young lady visitor at the vicarage takes the trouble to get a legal opinion, on receipt of which the bans are immediately put up. The lover goes off on the eve of the day fixed for his marriage to buy a wedding ring in Oxford and, if you please, must needs be cut to pieces on his way home by the engine of an express train upon a level crossing just outside the village. The fatherless child is born. The mother in despair, as soon as she can get about, tries to commit suicide and murder. She is only saved from both

by death—presumably from heart seizure—which overtakes her on her way to the river. The last touch of ugliness is given by the discovery of her body, with the infant beside it in the clutches of the malignant idiot.

In "Wild Justice" (1896) which is a novelette in verse by the same authoress, the repellent postulates are even darker than those of "The Village Tragedy." The conception is that of a Count Cenci transmuted into the tyrannical and dissolute head of a petty Welsh household. So terrible have the lives of his family become, that they have resolved to rid themselves of their tormentor. Foremost in the conspiracy is the eldest son, a hopeless cripple from the fact that his father in a moment of irritation with his mother had in his infancy taken him from his cradle and flung him across the room. The second son is on the eve of flight from the horrors of the family existence. One daughter has been already driven into a madhouse, and a second into a resolve to accept the advances of a chance admirer, preferring dishonor to the hell upon earth which her home has become. The scheme of parricide is elaborate and ghastly. The house is on an island in an estuary. It is partly accessible at low tide by a sort of natural causeway, narrow, difficult, and bordered by fatal quicksands into which the least deviation on the part of a wayfarer must engulf him. The father is in the habit almost daily of leaving for the mainland to regale himself with drink and debauchery. He returns at various times of the night or morning according to the tides. A boat, rowed usually by one of his children, is sent to bring him off from the end of the causeway. Lanterns are placed along the line to guide his steps. A very slight alteration of the guiding lights, the loss of a few minutes in the arrival of the boat, would be enough to lure the hated

parent and husband to inevitable destruction. A dark and moonless night is chosen. The only member of the family not in the plot is the son who has meditated clandestine flight. Him, his mother, anxious to keep him with her, has locked in his bedroom. He only succeeds in getting out too late to avert, but apparently in time to share, the fate of his father. He and his sister start in the boat which was neither intended nor destined to bring the victim to his home. A ghastly scene of anticipation is heightened by the ejaculatory accounts of the cripple, who is scanning the estuary through a night telescope. It ends in a suggestion, rather than an announcement, that the boat has somehow or other been overturned, and that, whether on board of it or not, father, son and daughter, innocent and guilty together, have all been drowned. Could anything well exceed this story in its own qualities?

We regret that our next three specimens should have to be taken from the works of an author for whose genius we have so sincere an admiration as we have for that of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The first two are from his "Wessex Tales," and of these we give priority to "An Imaginative Woman" (1896). A commonplace, sensible tradesman is married to a guileless and sensitive person, who is only not as commonplace as himself because she has a feverish longing to become a poetess. Her verses, however, never rise above the level of the Poets' Corner in country newspapers or third-rate magazines. She has watched with envy, alloyed with romantic sympathy and sincere admiration, the career of a rising young poet who really has received a coal from the altar. They have never met, they never do meet. The husband, wife, and their three children go for a holiday to "Solentsea," and chance leads them to a lodging-house, part of which is usually occupied by her poetic

rival and idol. To oblige his landlady, he has vacated his rooms for the period of their intended stay. Shortly after their arrival, the romantic woman discovers the name of the obliging occupant. Her landlady is voluble and unstinting in her praise of the absent poet. His photograph is produced and adored; and, as one reads, one cannot but feel grateful, to Fate or to Mr. Hardy, that the two personages never met. But the lady cannot rest! the appearance of a new piece by the poet induces her to start a correspondence with him under her masculine *nom de plume*. He answers her in good faith, taking her for some young male admirer of his work. It is not long before she learns that, fatally upset by a spiteful review of his latest book, he has committed suicide. A money bribe obtains from the landlady his photograph and a lock of his hair. She makes no secret either of her grief or of her relics. She admits them to be those of a lover who has lately died. Her husband, not much perturbed, identifies the dead man. He takes their *liaison* for granted, but, with the comforting reflection that "women are sly animals," he goes to business as usual. A mad journey undertaken by his wife without notice startles him. He follows, and finds her in the cemetery at Solentsea, crouched by the grave of the lover whom she has never seen. He takes her home, after having accepted her protestations of innocence, which, however, are not accompanied by a declaration that she had never met the man. In a few months she dies in giving birth to a child. In two years' time the widower remarries. While clearing out his wife's rooms to prepare them for the new occupant, he comes across the photograph and lock of hair. We prefer to tell the *dénouement* in Mr. Hardy's own words:

Something struck him. Fetching the little boy who had been the death

of his mother . . . he took him on his knee, held the lock of hair against the child's head, and set up the photograph, so that he could compare the features. . . . "I'm damned if I didn't think so," murmured he; "then she did play me false with that fellow at the lodgings! . . ."

The resemblance between the child and the stranger is accounted for by Mr. Hardy upon grounds of medical and physiological possibilities, into which we do not choose to enter. We can only suppose that these possibilities begot this thesis of his, and, to our thinking, a very gratuitous and displeasing thesis it is.

Even more repellent, though still more powerful, than "An Imaginative Woman," is the third story in the same series of "Wessex Tales," called "The Withered Arm." The author's preface leads the reader to believe that the ghastly superstition depicted really existed in "Wessex" a century ago, and that the tale itself is founded upon fact. Let us hurry over our analysis with all the speed we may. A well-to-do dairy farmer has some thirteen years before the story opens taken for his mistress one of his own milkmaids. He has had one son by her and has discarded her, as is usual in such cases. The time comes when he brings home a bride. Two or three weeks after this home-coming, the wronged peasant woman goes to her bed, having long brooded over the account of her happier rival whom she has never yet seen, but whose beauty and graciousness her boy, whom she has bidden to observe her at church and elsewhere, has innocently extolled. She has a terrible dream. The young wife seems seated like a nightmare upon her chest. Madened with horror, the dreamer swings out her right hand and seizes the spectre by its left arm, which she clutches convulsively; and, the hallucination still strong upon her, she cries out in wak-

ing, "Oh, merciful Heaven, that was not a dream, she was here!" The two women strike up a not unkindly intimacy, such as might arise between a kindhearted, unconscious Lady Bountiful and one of her poorer neighbors. In the course of one of her charitable visits, the young wife imparts to the cottager the distressing fact that her left arm has begun to wither. She bares it, and shows four marks upon it like finger-prints. She dates the evil from one night when "sound asleep, and dreaming that she was in some strange place, a pain suddenly shot into her arm there, and was so keen as to awaken her."

After a while Rhoda and her boy leave the neighborhood. For some six years the poor sufferer employs in vain the quack remedies of a village conjurer to whom Rhoda had originally, and in all good faith, introduced her. The man tells her at last that the only experiment he can still suggest "to turn her blood" is that she should lay her arm about the neck of a hanged man while yet warm. She contrives to achieve her object; by means of a bribe to the hangman she is introduced into the jail, and lays her withered arm about the neck of an unfortunate young man who has been hanged for arson. She shrieks to feel that with the touch "her blood has turned"; but rises to find herself confronted by her husband and Rhoda, who have come to the jail to claim the body of their dead son for burial. She is carried out into the town in a state of collapse, and dies there within three days. Her husband sells his farm and disappears, to follow her to the grave two years later. After a while Rhoda returns to her cow-milking at the farm, and dies "an old woman with scant white hair."

May we not be excused for the expression of an unfeigned regret that, however much of actuality there may be in it, Mr. Hardy, for his own and for

his art's sake, had not left the story of Rhoda Brook the villager and Gertrude Lodge the farmer's wife in undisturbed oblivion.

We trust that our irresistible impulse to cite a third instance from Mr. Hardy will be accepted by him as an indirect tribute by us paid to his well-deserved renown. The story of "*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*" (1894) is almost too well known for analysis; but memories are short. A young and beautiful village girl is entrapped and ruined by a heartless fifth-rate Lothario. She undoubtedly resents the catastrophe, and has no great love for its perpetrator, but she lives on for a time under his protection all the same. Eventually they part, and she goes home. Her baby is born, and dies; and she resumes her farm life without any very great loss of caste among an easy-going community. Some three years later she attracts the notice of a young gentleman named Clare, who falls honorably in love with her. She returns his passion unreservedly, but, conscientiously mindful of her past, refuses to marry him. Several times she is on the eve of confession, but the book could not have been written if the confession had been made in time. Partly owing to her mother's bad advice, but more in consequence of her lover's impatience, she marries with her secret undisclosed. She speaks out within a few hours after the wedding, to the horror of her outraged husband, who leaves her forthwith. He goes off to Brazil, as had indeed been prearranged between them, to see if there is any opening there for agricultural emigrants. He sends her money from time to time, and encourages her to write to him and to appeal to him for aid and counsel. Accidentally, she is left without a word from him for a year or two. She takes no advantage of his money provision for her, and continues her farm labor. Meanwhile, her old lover, un-

der circumstances of unusual shamelessness, persecutes her with his attentions. At first she half-heartedly repels him. But her father dies, her family are in straits, her letters to her husband have remained unanswered, and she finally resumes her position as the well-kept mistress of her seducer. The truth is that her husband has been prostrated by a long illness in Brazil, and only receives her last letters in a batch, reposted, after his arrival home. They are accompanied by two well-meant notes of warning from girl friends of Tess. He sets off at once, and ultimately finds his wife alone in the lodgings where she is living with her paramour. She is richly dressed, and to us, who know, it is obvious that she is making the best of a bad job. But the husband has come in ignorance of the facts, and supposes that she is living on the purchase-money of some family jewels which he had given her an hour before the original confession of her shame. She undeceives him, and after a brief but impassioned explanation they part. A few hours later on, in an *accès* of loathing, she stabs the author of her ruin in his sleep. The murder is not discovered till the next morning. Its perpetrator escapes unnoticed from the house, and comes across her husband, who is still wandering about the town. She tells him all, and they leave the place together, intending to escape if they can. But the horror of the story would have been incomplete if this result had been achieved. So they are made to wander about for many days, somewhat aimlessly, but with ideas of eventually reaching some port or other. The last place they sleep in is Stonehenge, where they are surprised by the police in the early morning. Tess's conscience never seems to have prevented her from sleeping soundly. She takes her arrest calmly, and so, for all we are told to the contrary, does her hus-

band. The last short chapter shows him in company with a sister of Tess, watching on the heights above "Wintonchester" the black flag rise over the jail, to herald the close of this terrible chronicle.

We may admit that Mr. Hardy's art has spared us much in the recital. He is more delicate than many of his recent followers would have been. But why construct a story wholly and solely upon treachery, immorality, deceit, fatuousness, relapse, revenge, and murder, and then call it by way of a second title, and as a last challenge to our good sense, as well as to our moral and literary instincts, "The story of a pure woman"?

We might have culled even a more unredeemed instance of what we are seeking to expose in the same author's "Jude the Obscure." There, there is as much changing as with Tess, though there was no death on the gallows.

Mr. Vachell is favorably known, and his works deserve the favor. But in his novel "Brothers" (1904) he has allowed himself to drift perilously near to the rocks. From start to finish its plot is gratuitously disagreeable. Two brothers are in the same "House" at Harrow. The elder is handsome, of only commonplace ability, if of so much; but he has the grace of getting on already unpleasantly developed and backed by a commensurate amount of unscrupulousness in achievement. The younger, full of aspiration, with a touch of genius, and by no means destitute of physical aptitudes, is not the less constructed for failure. He has a weak heart and an invincible nervous stammer. He adores his outwardly splendid brother, who is not above having his school exercises done and his terminal examinations prepared for him by his gifted junior. In fact he uses him as a "crib," and only too consciously exploits him who is devoutly willing to be exploited, and effaces him

who is too sweetly willing to be effaced. They both take Orders. The younger, eloquent and original upon paper, after two ineffectual efforts to overcome his physical defect, has to abandon the pulpit and content himself with less showy but perhaps better work in the slums of Stepney. The elder rejects no means of getting himself into notice. He is false enough to preach sermons written by his brother upon crucial occasions of his career, and eventually obtains a bishopric. This is after his good looks and his borrowed intellectual fascinations have enabled him to supplant his unlucky brother in the affections of the unsuspecting heroine. The deception is continued almost to the very end of the book, when the long-delayed *éclaircissement* very nearly brings about an elopement of the two estranged lovers. This is fortunately prevented at the last moment, but the lady dies, disillusioned and heartbroken, of an attack of what we are almost tempted to call timely typhoid, while the brothers, reconciled in a manner, are left to their common loss. It is only fair to say that the main conception is somewhat lightened, though by no means redeemed, by the variety and elaboration of some of the secondary characters, and by one or two pleasanter by-plots. But we fail to see why a novelist, who has shown that he can construct and carry out so good a story as that of "John Charity," should have gone out of his way to invent such an unpleasant design as that upon which "Brothers" is built.

Our quarrel with the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland"² is upon similar grounds. There is a great deal of subordinate charm in the book, and some of the characters are not only well imagined, but are gracious, and skillfully evolved. But why waste pathos and skill upon its fundamental

² "The Silence of Dean Maitland," by Maxwell Gray, 1902.

idea? The story is woven round a young man of good family, a Cambridge Wrangler, whom we are to consider endowed with ambition, noble aspirations, delicacy of sentiment, loveliness, generosity, and eloquence, and, lastly, personal beauty. He has an intimate friend as charming and well endowed as himself, who is plighted to his twin sister, a girl as gifted as her brother. The latter has just taken deacon's orders, and is also engaged to the daughter of a baronet, within whose property his father's rectory is situated. He has already separate charge of a small church and hamlet hard by. Things being thus, he falls into the lowest depths of guilt with the daughter of the baronet's coachman. Nobody suspects him, and the girl loves him too passionately to expose him. Her father, on the contrary, is led to suspect the friend. While the latter is on a holiday visit at the rectory the unhappy young woman makes an appointment with her betrayer. The father discovers that she is about to meet her unknown paramour, and lies in wait near the place of assignation, still suspecting the friend. The young clergyman arrives wearing a suit of colored clothes belonging to the other, which he has donned as a disguise. A struggle ensues, in which the father is killed. Suspicion falls on the friend; he is arrested, committed for trial, tried, and convicted of manslaughter. The circumstantial evidence is strong enough, but the matter is clinched by the perjury of the girl, who, to shield her real destroyer, swears that the man who came to meet her was the father of her child, and that the prisoner was the man. The case, if it had been true, was obviously one for severe treatment, and Everard is sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude. The traitor Maitland allows his friend to suffer in his stead; and the latter endures the

penalty, knowing of the treason. He comes out on a ticket-of-leave at the end of eighteen years. Meanwhile, Maitland has become Dean of Belminster, is living in the odor of sanctity and basking in the brilliance of fame; he has even been offered, and has accepted, the bishopric of Warham. A chain of rapidly woven circumstances determines him to make a belated reparation. He draws up his will, to which he appends a circumstantial deposition of his guilt. He mounts the cathedral pulpit, and at the close of a sermon upon remorse and repentance, he makes a public declaration of all the incidents of his early crime. The shocked congregation, which includes, besides sundry county magnates, the Premier, who has just appointed him to Warham, and the Bishop of Belminster, are (save for one or two persons who have become apprised of the dreadful secret) disposed to think that nervous excitement, acting on a system enfeebled by heart disease, has culminated in madness. The church is rapidly emptied, but the dean, who has sunk back into his pulpit exhausted, does not descend as usual to join the procession of clergy and choir. He has in fact died in his seat. The novel winds up as one might expect. The sister and the much injured friend, who, of course, receives a full pardon and such material restitution of property as could be made, marry; and the family circle becomes as happy as so terrible an episode in its history permits.

"The Guarded Flame"³ is another work that falls only too fitly within our category. Richard Burgoyne, a well-to-do elderly man, whom we are bound to accept as a philosopher of the highest order, in spite of the perplexing titles of some of his works, has married at fifty-six years of age Sybil

³ "The Guarded Flame," by W. H. Maxwell, 1906.

Randle, a pretty girl of twenty-three. Burgoyne had met her for the first time at her father's funeral. Kindliness and compassion had been the leading motives for the marriage upon his part; upon hers reverence and the need of a home. She had been the devoted amanuensis of her father, an eminent geologist; and, doubtless, Burgoyne hoped that she would become to himself, in his turn, a faithful and loving helpmate. For twelve years, when the novel opens, she had been exemplary. The household had then lately been increased by two inmates—Effie, a charming grandniece of Burgoyne, and Stone, a brilliant young medical student, who at twenty-two had seemed "destined to a big career," but whose health had broken down. He had been discovered by Dr. Wren, the confidential friend and local medical attendant of the Burgoynes, and he enters on the scene as the competent assistant of his employer in the fields of scientific research. All care is taken to assure the reader at the outset not only of the high intellectual plane upon which each member of this evenly balanced household stands, but of their amiability, moral purpose, and staunchness of character. Yet in the course of a year or two at most, Stone, who has become the affianced lover of the pretty, blameless and accomplished Effie, has made sudden and successful love to Mrs. Burgoyne, and Effie, who discovers his turpitude, has committed suicide; Burgoyne, who was hovering on the borders of recovery after an attack of paralysis, has been struck down anew through having acted as his own detective in the middle of the night; and Stone, banished and discarded, has died miserably abroad. The philosopher, by a miracle, once more recovers, and we are left to enjoy, if we can, the picture of the ruined wife, forgiven by her broken but still mentally active husband, moving, as of old,

about the house which she has helped to make desolate. This she must have done for some eighteen years after her fault, for her husband, in the last two pages is said to be then alive and to have reached his eighty-sixth year. We leave her in the apparent enjoyment of a content and a reputation which she has by no means deserved.

Not only in the conception of his story, but in the elaboration of its main incidents does the love of ugliness beset this author. The first announcement of his passion by Stone is as brutal and frankly sensual as it could well be; and its acceptance by the heroine is correspondingly facile and shocking. The shamelessness of the pair is not only acknowledged, but most carefully elaborated and set out, with an attention to minute detail, especially in the scene of their detection, which may well be called unpardonable. But the book shows undoubted power, and it is in spite of this acknowledgment that we ask, how can mere workmanship atone either for such a design itself or for the incidental descriptions by aid of which it is worked out?

"The Man of Property" ⁴ is quarried from a numerous upper middle-class family named Forsyte. Three generations of it form the *dramatis personæ*. It is hardly too much to say that nobody outside them has anything to do with the story except an undesirable young architect who is engaged to marry June, a granddaughter of one of the elders. The gradual estrangement of her *flancé* from the unfortunate girl, and the transfer of his worthless affections to the beautiful but erring wife of one of her uncles, are the only threads in the plot. The actual guilt of the lovers is made only too palpable, and with a hardly less offensive plainness is obtruded the last motive for the self-abandonment of the wife by a brutish

⁴ "The Man of Property," by John Galsworthy, 1906.

act of violence upon the part of her husband, in which he asserts that right of property which apparently gives its title to the book. The result of this extremity is the elopement of the wife, who goes off with a valise and a handbag to her paramour's apartments. She arrives there to meet, not him, but the girl whom she had thus grievously outraged, and who up to the time of her misconduct had been her dearest friend. A scene takes place between Medea and Glauce, in which Medea has the best of it, and Glauce retires discomfited. The absence of Jason is accounted for by the fact that he has been run over by an omnibus in a thick fog which is made to overhang the West End of London that afternoon. We are left in doubt as to whether his death was suicide or not, for he had been informed by Medea of the outrageous indignity which had been put upon her, and had parted from her in a frenzy of despair, presumably unaware of her too long delayed resolve to elope with him. At the close of the book even June gives signs of recovery from her disappointment, the family are all obviously ready to forget the scandal, and the last page of the novel narrates the return of the erring wife to her husband's house, valise, handbag and all; her admission by him in person at the hall door; and his summary dismissal of an officious nephew with a declaration that he intends to manage his own domestic affairs without assistance. We suppose that we are intended to accept the book as a satire upon the wealthy, luxurious, unimaginative folk of whom the author tells us that Society is mainly composed. But his satire is very gross and ugly caricature, and, as such, not justifiable.

"Henry Northcote"² is the very powerfully written story of a young man of genius who has been called to the Bar. His selfishness is as transcendent as

² "Henry Northcote," by J. C. Snaith, 1906.

are his powers, and it is hardly redeemed by his enthusiasm for social reforms, for of this last quality his biographer allows us to see very little. He has impressed a great advocate who has at the last moment been prevented by a broken thigh-bone from defending a woman on trial for her life. The case is so bad that all hope of saving the culprit's life has been abandoned both by her solicitor and counsel, except by a plea of insanity. By the advice of the disabled man his client takes the brief to Northcote. The latter impetuously refuses to fight for anything short of acquittal. So much is the experienced attorney terrified by the rashness and irritated by the persistence of the trio that he asks for his brief back again. This the young man declines also to concede, and with the assistance of the mistress of the attorney, who is admitted to the discussion, and whom the audacity and power of the barrister have fascinated, he is allowed to keep his retainer and to have a free hand. The trial comes on; the guilt of the woman is made only too clear on the evidence adduced; but such is the eloquence of her defender, that judge, jury, and the listening members of the Bar are gradually overborne. The prisoner is acquitted. Her advocate goes back to his garret in "Shepherd's Inn" with fame achieved and success assured. Late in the evening the murderess knocks at his door, and is admitted. Her sobbing gratitude is gradually exchanged for the harlot's fascinations, and she spends the night in his room. A curtain and screen alone conceal her from the dangerous inspection of his "bed-maker." While towards midday, according to his wont, he is cooking his breakfast, his mother who has slaved all his life for him, adores him, and believes in his character and destiny, and along with her an innocent country girl to whom he is affianced, arrive on the scene. They

have come post-haste from the country, having read the great news in a morning newspaper. While they are talking with him, the heartless prostitute draws aside the curtain and, with hideous laughter, discloses herself, half dressed and seated on the bed. The two honest and outraged women rush from the room. The guilty pair are left together. The woman from the first takes it for granted that her companion will murder her whose worthless life he has once preserved. Her attempt to get at a table-knife shows him, however, that it is not herself whom she intends should die, if she can otherwise manage it. A struggle for the knife ensues. We are given to understand that the hero feels that he has an actual maniac to deal with now. He throws her to the ground, gets his powerful hands round her throat—we have forgotten to say that he had been an athlete at school—and strangles her. He has only just time to drag her body back on to the bed and redraw the curtain, when the bed-maker reappears. He puts her off again, and sends her out for a gallon of paraffin. Her errand performed, and her back finally turned, he makes a sort of funeral pyre above and around the corpse of furniture, books, bed, bedding, and manuscripts, drenches the whole with paraffin, and fires it. Doubly locking his door, he escapes into the street, with his new briefs and retainers carefully secured. We are treated to an elaborate description of the fire, which not only burns down the old rickety buildings wherein his garret was, but also a great hotel and a bank in their immediate neighborhood, and obliterates all traces of his crime. With ghastly nonchalance he is made to meet an old acquaintance in the crowd, to whom he chats, and vouchsafes in a jaunty way to tell the facts exactly as they had taken place. His companion, as was of course intended,

treats the story as a mad jest, and laughs it off with the remark "My dear old lunatic, what are you talking about?" As they are walking away Northcote winds up the dialogue with a prophecy that "one of these days they will make him a judge."

This author's last book, "William Jordan, Junior" (1907), is certainly high-flown, fantastic, some critics might even say absurd; but as a whole it is as powerful as "Henry Northcote," and it is not ugly. Let us hope that some day he will use his gift upon the construction of a story which shall be at once gracious, natural, wholesome, and strong.

"The Secret Agent"⁶ is another variant of the type. This personage has long been in the employ of a foreign embassy. He has given satisfaction to his former chiefs, but to the present ambassador he seems inactive, lethargic, unprofitable. He is given to understand that England must be startled into more cordial co-operation in the suppression of the revolutionaries whose refuge is London. He must therefore turn himself into an *agent provocateur*, and provide some telling outrage. He accordingly plans that abortive, but historic, explosion in Greenwich Park, which was intended to work the destruction of our world-famed observatory. He is surrounded by a small group who are drawn with much skill, but upon whose repulsiveness no redeeming lights are attempted to be thrown. One of their number supplies him with the necessary bomb. He chooses for his companion a half-witted brother of his wife. The latter, though not unfaithful hitherto to her uninteresting husband, expends all the love of which her nature is capable upon the boy. Following the lines of the actual incident, the boy is sent forward to lay

⁶ "The Secret Agent," by Joseph Conrad Methuen, 1907.

the bomb at the gate of the observatory. He stumbles in the darkness over the roof of a tree, the bomb explodes, and he is literally blown to pieces. The husband makes full confession to his wife, and gives into her custody a large sum of money which he has provided for their flight. Having done this, he eats his supper, and lies down peacefully to sleep upon a sofa in their sitting-room. The woman goes upstairs, and returns dressed for departure. After a brief self-colloquy, in her wrath and hate she takes up a carving-knife and stabs the man in his sleep. Smitten, not by remorse, but by fear of the gallows, she leaves the house, intending to commit suicide by leaping from one of the bridges. On her way she meets with the "lady-killer," of the anarchical group, and, straightway changing her mind, throws herself into his arms. The most interesting point to him in her narrative is her possession of 500*l*. He takes this in charge, and procures two tickets in the night-train for the Southampton and St. Malo service; the tickets he gives to his companion, and tucks her up quietly in a first-class carriage, out of which he leaps himself just as the train is leaving the station. The woman travels on, and, still haunted by her terror of the hangman, goes on board the steamer. In despair she leaps overboard in mid-Channel, and we are left in doubt as to what the conspirator does with the money. If any embellishment of art, or service to society, is done by the concoction of such a story, clever as it may be, we confess that we fail to detect either.

"The Helpmate,"⁷ which is also a book of considerable literary merit, has been so far, as it were, sweetened up—as a carp, tench, gurnet, or bream might be flavored by some gravy or other condimental disguise—by references to spiritual aspiration, purity,

self-sacrifice, and prayer, that many simple-minded persons might say of it that it was not "bad," or was "rather nice." But the very allusiveness of its story, and the superficial delicacy of its dressing make it seem to us all the more worthy of being placed in our index of expurgation. Its authoress conceives the idea of marrying a handsome, well-educated and genuine young gentleman to a beautiful, accomplished and amiable young lady. They are inhabitants of a town called in the novel "Scale-upon-Humber." The story opens during the first week of their honeymoon at a seaside place faintly disguised under the dialectic variant "Scarby." Nothing had occurred to smirch the polished surface of their mutual idealism, until by an ugly chance Anne is made to overhear a conversation in which her husband is identified as a co-respondent in a divorce suit which has made a local scandal. Although she ascertains that he has been as much sinned against as sinning, that the affair has long been over and done with, that he was only one victim out of many of the North-country Circe, and that he has made no other known lapse from purity, her moral nature takes obstinate offence. In spite of explanation, apology, entreaty, devotion, and, as an anti-climax, we may add, forbearance and good temper, she—to use a common phrase which probably expresses the situation which our authoress intends to convey—"will have nothing more to do with him." They abruptly return home, and she assumes her position as mistress of his house. Her demeanor is perfect. Even in the privacy of home her intercourse with him is thoroughly kind and even affectionate. But, for all that, his banishment is complete. At times she seems on the brink of a perfect reconciliation, and there must have been a moment when her undoubted love for him vanquished the mainguard of her

⁷ "The Helpmate," by May Sinclair, 1907.

metaphysical theories and her exaggerated sense of self-respect. They have, indeed, a little girl born to them; but even that event does not avail to permanently raise the fortifications of her puristical vanity. At last the not unnatural result comes about. The husband sinks to the consolation of the gutter. The connection which he forms has an analogy to his former entanglement. He is by no means the first hero of little Maggie's romance, who, by the by, like our old acquaintances in "Tess" and "Jude," is declared to have remained good in spite of her experiences. We may observe that in all these modern instances the adjectives "good" and "pure" are used in an esoteric sense to which our own studies have not given us access. This second escapade of Walter's lasts three years, and is only revealed to his wife at last by the lady of the divorce court, who persuades herself that in seeking the interview arranged for the disclosure she is neither actuated by malevolence nor by desire for revenge. After the inevitable scene with his wife, the husband esteems himself finally dismissed, and, though habitually temperate, takes refuge in the bottle. A timely fit of apoplexy, brought on by an unwontedly long bout of drunkenness, is invoked to bring his much-tried, though self-torturing wife to his side. She nurses him slowly back to consciousness and health, and then, acknowledging herself as the true cause of his moral relapse and physical peril, surrenders at discretion. But why construct such a problem? Was it worth while either to set or to answer it, at all events *coram populo*?

"Her Majesty's Rebels,"⁸ though relieved by the pleasantness of some of its subordinate characters, is yet another instance of the gratuitous construction of an evil plot. Its main

features are quite indefensible. Michael and Connor Desmond are brothers, sons of the last survivor of the elder branch of an old Irish Catholic family which had been dispossessed by the younger under the Disabilities Acts of the eighteenth century. A half-ruined castle along with a small estate alone remains in the hands of the elder branch, while the main residence and property still belong to Sir Henry Desmond, the representative of the Protestant supplanters, who is also a rich English baronet and squire. Michael is an unjustifiable travesty of Charles Stewart Parnell. He begins life as the betrayer of a village beauty, whom he afterwards manages to marry to a respectable young farmer. The husband is murdered by an evicted tenant of Sir Henry, and Desmond, with a perverse disregard of natural good feeling, elects himself to defend the murderer. By this time he has become the leader of the Irish Nationalists. He negotiates for the Home Rule Bill with the Prime Minister of the day, and Sir Henry Desmond is their intermediary. The last-named is engaged to the Premier's niece. The baronet and his *fiancée* come to stay at the Irish place. The lady is left behind there for some weeks under the chaperonage of her future sister-in-law. She and Desmond lose no time over a love-passage. She stays on without her chaperon for a few days, and, while alone, admits Michael to her chamber, which is placed conveniently on the ground floor with French windows opening on to the lawn. It must be admitted that he is represented as willing to have married her. But she prefers her baronet's wealth and station, evades a last assignation with Michael, escapes to England, is married within a month, and leaves our hero *planté là*. There is, however, in his neighborhood a very charming young lady, Kathleen O'Brien, with whom his brother Con-

⁸ "Her Majesty's Rebels," by Sidney Royse Lysaght, 1907.

nor is in love. He gains her affections, supplants his brother, and is on the eve of marrying her, when Lady Desmond once more appears on the scene. She has been divorced in a suit in which Michael was the only correspondent. She seeks an interview with Kathleen, who has hitherto refused to believe in her lover's guilt, and informs her in a fashion that carries conviction not only that the charge was true, but that she is "about to become the mother of his child." Kathleen not unnaturally discards our gentleman, who is most conveniently, and not inappropriately, disposed of by Costello, the murderer, who insists upon his procuring for him another farm, and who shoots him forthwith upon his contemptuous refusal. From this point the novel is speedily wound up. Lady Desmond dies in her confinement, her child is apparently to be brought up by Michael's parents, and Connor and Kathleen, enriched by an uncle who has returned with a large fortune from Australia, are left to marry. Is any further comment necessary upon such a plot as this?

"The Thornton Device"⁹ is a story whose simplicity is as a translucent robe through which its ugliness shines. Geoffrey Thornton, a middle-aged squire of ancient family, is living alone with an invalid wife to whom he is tenderly attached. He has more or less taken to drink, and she, hopelessly bedridden, is at the mercy of a set of slatternly servants and of a tyrannical nurse. Madeline Urquhart, a girl cousin, comes to live with them. She reclaims the husband and cleanses the Augean stable of the household. All goes well till she makes the acquaintance in the hunting-field of Jack Delamain, a neighboring squire and master of the hounds, who is married to an American heiress. With scarcely a

show of resistance she falls a victim to his fascinations. He, as a matter of course, behaves badly to her, and, as soon as she begins to despair of his devotion, she turns to her true friend Geoffrey, confesses all to him, and implores his help, which she needs all the more for an obvious reason. In a burst of not unnatural anger, he at first refuses to have anything further to do with her. We have forgotten to say that his wife has died, and that Madeline has been living on with him and his maiden sister. The wretched girl flies to London and hides herself. Geoffrey, overtaken by remorse for having declined to help one who had rescued him from ruin, follows her up, and discovers her. Another cousin, Lady Amabel Farnlingham, a married woman, accompanies him. The unfortunate girl is taken to Lady Amabel's home, but, as soon as her condition renders removal necessary, she is transferred to an institution for her class of unfortunates. Meanwhile, Geoffrey has had it out with Delamain. He ends by undertaking himself to marry Madeline, and to shield them both, on one condition—that Delamain sells his estate and leaves the county. The bargain made, the villain tries to shuffle out of it upon a technical point, but Geoffrey is too firm for him. Madeline utterly refuses to marry her redeemer till her child is born; but it does not survive its birth many days, is hurriedly baptized, and its name is given at the font as Geoffrey Thornton by its uncompromising male sponsor. We are left to suppose that the marriage takes place, that Geoffrey assumes the paternity of his hated neighbor's offspring, while its unprincipled and uninteresting parent rides off unscathed. The sooner art shakes itself free of such "devices" as this, however well devised, the better.

A somewhat tardily exhibited regard for space induces us to cut short our

⁹ "The Thornton Device," by the Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor, 1907.

chain of analyses. It was necessary to make it sufficiently long to assure our readers that the evil to which they point is of sufficiently frequent manifestation to warrant attention. But we have by no means exhausted our stock of examples. Many of those which remain are such as to render any description of them difficult in the pages of this Review. Once more let us emphatically say that our reduction to their bare poles of the plots which we have given was neither unfairly nor unkindly meant. We have done it in order to place, without confusion or admixture, one question before contemporary writers of fiction: "Why work upon a bad subject? Why prostitute your undoubted literary gifts?" All novels should be contributions towards the liberal education of their readers. Though not to be obtruded, this purpose should be unswervingly kept in view. So delicately should the teaching be administered that it should be imbibed almost insensibly by the scholar. None of our really great novelists have posed as pedagogues; but who among us, all the same, has not felt that he has risen up the better for having read one of their books? Have they not laid bare to us our failings, our affectations, our self-seeking, our vanities, our falsenesses?—some quality of conduct, positive or negative, which has prevented us from deserving that useful, if sartorial epithet, "thorough-stitched"? Do not such writers place before us ideals of a practical altitude to which we may hopefully aspire, and, in contrast with them, lower

The Edinburgh Review.

standards of sufficient likeness to our own unassisted views of life to strike us with their perilous proximity? And because such men bestow these serious boons on us, are they in any way shorn of their powers to interest, excite, and amuse? How varied are their characterizations, how free is their fun, how sound their pathos; how true their love of landscape, how rich and vivid their descriptions of external nature! Have we any real need to justify ourselves when we beg their successors in art to work in the same fields which they and many good men before them have indeed tilled, but which no amount of cropping will ever exhaust? By all means, in order to achieve actuality give all types and topics their due places in the broad pages of art, just as they take them in the life-dramas which we see enacted around us. But do not let the evil and the fantastic usurp the field of presentation, nor let necessary shadows grow till they obscure the picture, the main qualities of which should be brightness and beauty. Every artist should remember that his own nature rises and sinks with the choice of his subjects no less surely than it rises and sinks with the earnestness of the work which he puts into them. And of all artists the novelist is specially bound to gauge his responsibility by the reflection that inasmuch as the novel is devoured by larger crowds than those which are accessible to any other form of didactic literature, its debasement spreads moral decadence over a proportionately greater section of mankind.

MECHANISM AND LIFE.

A strange phenomenon in the growth of science is the alternation in the vogue of rival theories; and it has nowhere been more marked than in the domain of biology. During the latter

half of the last century the "mechanical" or "physico-chemical" view of life laid claim to dogmatic orthodoxy; but in the last ten years the tide has changed. There are still many, indeed,

who reluctantly admit the difficulties in the way of the proof of their mechanical theory, but express the fervent trust that our growing knowledge of physics and chemistry will overcome these difficulties, and give a full explanation of Life in terms of the laws of non-living things. But the majority of the biologists of the present generation are inclined rather to chaff these persons as the possessors of a "cheerful and optimistic temperament" than to share their pious aspirations.

I propose in this paper to survey the causes which gave rise to the two latest phases of thought on the subject.

The collapse of the older vitalistic school towards the end of the first half of the nineteenth century—the school which maintained, as modern vitalists do, but in a different way, that no complete explanation of the phenomena of living beings can be given in terms of the laws of non-living things—was, it would seem, largely due to the sudden increase in precision of our physical ideas, and to the general acceptance of the conception of the conservation of energy, as well as of matter. The peculiar behavior of living beings had, down to that period, been referred to an abstract entity, called "Vital Force." When the physicists had limited the meaning of "force" by defining it as an "acceleration of mass," when the persistence of energy through all its transformations was recognized, and the intake and output of energy of the living organism were found to balance as well as those of any machine or apparatus whatever, the term "Vital Force" lost its propriety, and had to be dropped. Indeed, it became obvious that the peculiarities of living beings could not be classed as forms of energy, force, or matter; and it was easy to disregard as mere lumber that quality which found no place in the symmetry of physics and chemistry, to ignore, as an intruder into the orderly

laboratory, the presence that had no name to give to the custodian. A further encouragement to the anti-vitalist lay in the glorious achievements of the chemist who—despite all predictions to the contrary—was now producing by combination and separation so many of those "organic" substances which had hitherto been only found in or produced by living beings; while he failed to see that he himself was also a living being. Indeed, in the '70's the current belief among students of Physiology was that within a decade albumen and other protoids would be synthesized, and that by the end of the century protoplasm would also be manufactured, probably in a living state.

Again, the rise of the Descent Theory, mainly due to Charles Darwin's presentation of it, had put forth a scientific explanation of many biological problems that had received none theretofore. And religious prepossessions also had their influence. Many free-thinkers assumed, quite absurdly, that the mechanical view was antagonistic to all theistic hypotheses, instead of imperatively requiring them as we shall see; and so it was welcomed by such men as Carl Vogt and Ernst Haeckel, the most brilliant and dogmatic of the number.

In England, at least, the vitalists of the period had a bad time, and a poor show: their opponents had the advantage of recognized position and the command of the public ear; they were incomparably the better writers; the taunt of theological prepossession was raised, not without reason, against the vitalists; and the protests of that inarticulately verbose genius, Lionel Beale, were overborne and swept out of sight by the brilliantly lucid dialectic of Thomas Henry Huxley. Thus the attitude of the accredited physiologists of the day appeared to their own students, and to the public at large, to be hostile to vitalism in any form or

shape. I remember that at the Manchester meeting of the British Association in 1887, one speaker hinted at a vitalistic explanation. When he sat down a distinguished Professor of Physiology jumped up, and carried the meeting with him by quoting, without preface, Bret Harte's well-known lines:—

Do I wake? Do I dream?
Do I wander in doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?

We must remember that the official physiologists of the time found their main work, as we shall see, in ascertaining with great precision the changes, physical or chemical, at the surfaces or at the extremities of organs. To increase the delicacy and accuracy of their observations they worked as far as possible with isolated organs, which, as Samuel Butler pointed out in "Erewhon," have, indeed, the character of internal machines in relation to the organism as a whole. Unconsciously they were impelled to magnify their office, and to exaggerate the theoretical value of their results; they assumed that if more were known of the internal workings of living beings, they would all prove to be of the same character as those that lay in the territory they were so brilliantly exploring with the apparatus of the physicist and the chemist. Yet a little consideration might have made them hesitate. The processes of growth and repair are most essentially physiological; and into these their manipulations and records gave no insight. The narrowness of this official school is manifest to the world in the practical exclusion from its text books of the work done during the last two decades of the century on the physiological processes of reproduction and heredity, and in the astounding fact that all progress within this field has been achieved by biol-

ogists to whom the title of physiologists is not given. The reign of mechanistic views is coincident with the rise of this official school of physiologists; its decay is due to the enormous amount of broad physiological work done outside the bounds of their almost crystallized tradition. Yet we must remember that the most distinguished British teachers of the school were far from the extreme views of their disciples, just as Wilkes protested that he was not a Wilkesite. My own revered teacher, Michael Foster, said one day, when I was pointing out certain osmotic relations in connection with renal secretion: "My dear fellow, that isn't enough; you may be sure that the kidney cell gets rid of what it wants to." And Burdon-Sanderson said, when talking to me and Professor Ch. Richet in 1900: "The real meaning of life is adaptation," using the word evidently in the same sense as "self-regulation." If all the processes in a factory were kept strictly secret, we can imagine a checker at the gate insisting that all that went on inside was some modification of carting; and possibly he might convince an outsider of that strange doctrine, on the ground that "Bill is employed at the factory, and he ought to know." We can now see, therefore, that the apparent consensus of physiologists until recently against vitalism need not have an undue weight with the man in the street.

It is always well to have clear definitions before us, or at least clear indications of what we mean by the words we use. Many a controversy has had a verbal confusion at its base on one side or on both, and this question is no exception. "Machine," "Mechanism," meant originally a contrivance, an arrangement by a living being. Both these words have come metaphorically to mean an arrangement, an assemblage of things standing in a causal

relation to one another (in their widest sense, including purely psychical relations, such as the "mechanism of memory"). It is obvious that the most outrageous vitalist, accepting the law of causality, would not reject this extension of "mechanical" explanation in the living world; and in this sense the term ceases to have any controversial value. I think that a fair definition of a machine¹ is a portion or aggregate of matter chosen, fashioned, or arranged by a living being to effect some transformation in the relations of matter, or of energy, or both. This change is the *object* or the *purpose* of the machine, of the mechanician who makes it, and in the making of the machine the purpose lies in the *future*.

"Mechanism," the more abstract term, is that arrangement in a machine concerned with its purpose or effect. Thus, while we should call a selected flint chip, no less than a steel knife, a "machine," any ornamentation on the latter would form no part of its "mechanism" as a knife. "Mechanics" is the science of machines, and has been restricted to include that dealing with the equilibrium and the movements of solids,—readily extended to those of liquids so long as they do not change their state of aggregation. The wider science—dealing with the equilibrium, strains, vibrations, and movements, molecular and molar, of substances, so long as they change no more than their state of aggregation, solid, liquid, or gaseous—has received the name of "Physics." The science dealing with interchanges of composition is "Chemistry"; and the older name of "Mechanical School," applied to the antivitalists, has given way to that of "Physico-chemical."

Before passing on, we must examine another term which has been much used with little precision of meaning

¹ Though we distinguish the simplest forms of machines as "tools," it is impossible to except the latter from our definition.

and much vagueness of implication. "Automaton," "automatic," which mean self-moving, were first applied to human or animal motions performed without conscious will or reason, or even against these. Later they were applied to machines requiring a minimum of manipulation during their work, and also to working models of animals, with internal machinery designed to execute motions like those of the original. These meanings survive to the present; we may cite two illustrations. We measure time at the present day by counting the oscillations of a suspended weight or of a coiled spring, and we know that such oscillations are gradually damped by friction, and soon cease: we make the *automatic* watch or clock by introducing a coiled spring or a wound-up weight with a train of wheels; thus the oscillations are at the same time maintained for a long period, and recorded by the hands instead of being separately counted. In these respects we have made our time-counters "automatic." Again, in the first steam-engines of Newcomen the alterations in the steam-cocks by which the motion of the piston was periodically reversed were made by the hand of a boy in attendance. One boy, more playful or more ingenious than his mates, tied strings to various parts, and so made the reversals "automatic." The automatism of the machine is in every case the result of the planning, and has to be explained by future purpose as well as by past manipulation. Thus we can differentiate machines from other non-living aggregates of matter by their purpose in the future, as well as by their history in the past. Compare a mountain talus, a river, a lake, with an embankment, a canal, a reservoir: science finds no account of the past action of a living organism, no hint of a future purpose, in the production of the three former; but both

these have to be forthcoming for a full explanation of the three latter.

A machine is distinguished then from other non-living aggregates by its definite purpose: in other words, the purpose defines the machine. A sharp-edged flint becomes a machine when a man takes it up to cut or to strike fire, whatever may have been the antecedent cause of its sharp edge: it was, however, a machine from the outset when it was produced by a "knapper" who split the original nodule to obtain it. If there has been a recent tendency to overlook this keynote of the machine idea, it is easy to explain it by reflection on our mental growth. The young child has not enough experience of the history and behavior of non-living beings to understand the "How"—the reference to their antecedents which is the sole scientific explanation of those that are not machines—his only anxiety is the "Why?" By and bye, as the child gains experience, he learns that for all occurrences that are not the actions, direct or indirect, of living beings, the "How" is a great deal easier to learn than the "Why"; and that for many of these things the "Why" is unattainable. Moreover, in many cases of machines, the "Why" is so obvious and so familiar that it ceases to be an object of consideration. Thus every one is interested in the kinematic arrangement of the typewriter, the linkage of keys, bars, and types, by which the pressure of the fingers is converted into a definite character on the paper; but the "Why" explains itself, and is taken for granted. Yet what physico-chemical explanation, what geometric description of the characters would adequately explain the typewriter to the most intelligent of human beings, who, let us suppose, is a master of physics and chemistry, but has no conception of written speech? It is just this recoil from childish anthropomorphism, carried to

an extreme, which explains, though it does not justify, the mechanistic attitude of men of science during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Accident may invent a machine; reflection will duplicate it. The late Prof. Morrison Watson told me that his parrot, while playing with a bit of stick which it had gnawed to a point, casually scratched his back with it, and evidently liked the sensation. Thereafter, whenever he was given a bit of stick, he deliberately sharpened it first, and then used it as a scratch-back. The "Why" now determined the "How." If such a simple machine, a mere tool or implement, can receive its full explanation only by the admission of what the schoolmen termed the "final cause," how much more does purpose enter into the explanation of the complex physico-chemical relations of such a machine as a great electrical installation? Over and above the relations of forces, masses, chemical composition, etc., we must invoke the deliberate actions of intelligent beings foreseeing the future.

Seeing, then, that to explain machines we have to invoke the foresight of intelligent beings, the mechanical explanation of living beings demands for its completion the acceptance in full of Paley's "watch and design" argument, and the trespass across the boundaries of natural science into the domains of natural religion. And we saw at the outset that any wider definition of a "machine" will deprive the word of all controversial value.

It is easy to collect a few distinctions between machines and organisms. A machine requires to be set in place to perform its purpose: even if its purpose be locomotion it cannot direct itself without the intervention of an organism; it cannot, after completing one task, travel to a new site of operations. It may be so far automatic as to adapt itself to certain varying conditions of

work, but the limits of this self-adjustment are always narrow in range and limited in character. It cannot compensate for the effects of wear and tear by taking up fresh material and depositing it in the worn parts, so as to restore their efficiency; nor can it form afresh parts lost or destroyed. It cannot accumulate material of its own kind so as to produce machines of its own type; nor can it divide into two or more machines like itself. A machine may, like an organism, have for its task the raising of energy to a higher type, and storing it up; but though both can only do this at the expense of the dissipation of other energy, the machine does not store up the energy within itself, but elsewhere. Thus the electric plant raises a portion of the energy derived from the combustion of coal to the form of the energy in the accumulators, while the rest of the energy of the coal is dissipated as heat at a low temperature; but the energy is transformed in the turbogenerator, and stored in the cells of the accumulator.²

"Automatic machines" are no less essentially machines: they have the same disabilities that we have already considered. If we try now to get round the difficulty by calling animals "conscious automata," we are using contradictory terms; indeed, the use of "automatism" in biology is so conducive to question-begging, or at best providing decent fig-leaves for the naked ignorance which it is the duty of science to remove, that it should be wholly abandoned. It is curious to note here again that automatism found its first great exponent in the orthodox Descartes, and its last in the agnostic Huxley.

In the negative characters of machines mentioned above, we have fore-

shadowed the characters that distinguish living organisms. Only the highest organisms can make complex machines, it is true; but the beaver's dam, the parrot's scratch-back, the nest of the bird or the insect, and even the cemented shell of the lowly Foraminifer are all included under our definition. Yet we cannot adduce the production of machines as an essential or universal character of the living. But all do at some period of their existence take into themselves substances altering their composition and combination, with the ultimate result that they increase their substance in every part thereby—a long periphrase for the simple statement that they grow. This process is termed "assimilation." This must be qualified for certain reproductive cells that owe their chief increase to the direct reception from the parent organism of chemical substances which for the time they only store; ultimately they digest these internal food-supplies, and grow and multiply at the expense of these stores.

Indeed, while part of the food taken up by the organism is utilized for present needs of work, repair and growth, a certain proportion is redeposited in reserve stores for the future needs of the organism itself, or for the nourishment of the reproductive cells or offspring, which are, as it were, parasites for some time after their formation. Owing to these reserved stores that exist in the organism, the provocation of a minute external change may enable it to effect an absolutely disproportionate amount of work by the liberation of some of the stored energy: the external change is called the "stimulus," the discharge of energy, whether thus disproportionate or not, the "response," and the capacity for response to stimulus "irritability." So comparable with this is the discharge of a projectile by the minute work of a trigger, or it may be the still minuter

² Professor A. E. Taylor, of Montreal, has insisted on the character of machines in his "Elements of Metaphysics." (London, 1903), page 238 f.

work of an electric spark liberating foot-tons of energy in a cannon, that organic response is termed *action à détente* (trigger action) by the French, and *Auslösung* (letting off) by the Germans.

On the whole, the organism shows a greed of energy and of matter, eventuating in the multiplication of its kind, quite unparalleled in the non-living world, as was shown in 1891 by Prof. John Joly in his brilliant essay, "The Abundance of Life." Reproduction is due to the geometrical difficulties in the way of unlimited growth through this efficient greed. For, as Herbert Spencer showed, if in a growing body the form be retained, the ratio of surface to mass decreases, until at length the organism can no longer fulfil its functions for want of adequate surface. To remedy this disparity—and here we see another indication of purpose—the organism reproduces or multiplies. It may divide into two, each half developing to the form of the original, in the lowest types; it may branch indefinitely; it may divide unequally; it may shed small parts of itself, such as buds, or simple reproductive cells which, alone or after pairing, reproduce the behavior of the parent (or it may be the grand-parent). The proportionate size of such reproductive cells to the organism they reproduce, and which has formed them may be extremely minute—in man of the order of 1.5: 1 million.

The utilization of part of the food in replacement of waste and in repair is familiar to us all: this the organism effects by itself, and for itself—I had almost used the forbidden term "automatically." It not infrequently happens that restoration goes beyond damage—repair is greater than wear; so that the organism is all the better for the strain on its working. Thus, what we may call *easy* fatigue of a muscle or group of muscles is followed by

simple restoration; but if the fatigue be pushed to moderate distress, the restoration brings about increased growth, strength, and efficiency. No machine, however, is the better for such straining, and the more frequently it occurs the more serious is the resulting damage.

Muscles are not alone endowed with this privilege: it is general in the organism. Bones contain systems of struts and stays to withstand the stresses to which they are exposed normally; if a broken bone sets askew, new systems are formed to replace those old ones that have lost their strength of position. Trees strengthen themselves by sending out their roots further on the side that affords the firmest anchorage against the uprooting tendency of the prevailing winds; and an unsupported sapling develops stronger roots than one that is stayed. Side by side with the power of repair is that of compensation for permanent impairment of a portion of the body, often due to a corresponding increase of efficiency or of growth elsewhere. For instance, when the respiratory capacity of one lung is destroyed by disease the other lung gains the power of carrying on double work; and if the one kidney is removed the other kidney enlarges to meet the twofold task thrown on it.

Motile organisms travel actively to obtain their supplies; plants anchored by their roots in the soil send them out most freely in the directions where they will find rich soil and water. H. M. Jennings, the most successful observer of the lower motile organisms, finds that even the simplest of these, the amoeba, failing direct indications to guide it to food, seeks it by a method of trial and error, which may well be compared to the behavior of a pointer "quartering" the fields in search of game. Herbert Spencer tried to show that these "conservative" ac-

tions were the necessary result of physico-chemical laws, but in most cases his analysis stops short at the lucid re-statement of the problem to be solved. Thus in the matter of reproduction by division, he gives the very valid reason we have cited for the limits of possible growth of organisms; but his account of the proximate causes of the actual division is inadequate or absent. In many cases, it is true, a cell usually divides across its longest diameter, a method which has a modicum of physical justification; but in the cambium (formative layer) of trees the division is parallel to the length, and rather in accordance with the future needs of the plant than with what we know of the existing physical conditions. To use Foster's words, the cell divides "as it wants to," or, rather, as the tree wants it to.

While all this must be well-known to the physiologists, they have rather busied themselves in the domain where the peculiarities of the living organism were less marked. They have worked at the surfaces or at the ends to investigate *resultant* physical and chemical effects; they have analyzed the chemical substances discarded by the organism as waste, or obtained from its no longer living substance. But, as mentioned above, the *physiology of the organism as a whole*, the physiology of the cell, the physiology of the Protista (organisms which have the character of isolated cells), no less than embryology and heredity, have long lain outside the door of the physiological laboratory, and been fostered by outsiders. I may be excused, then, if I refer to an analysis that I have made of the normal reproduction by division of the cell—a study which, from the minuteness of the object, excludes the use of the apparatus of physical and chemical measurement. The processes may be distinguished into the following:—(1) those known in the non-living world; (2)

those which are known to occur elsewhere in the living organism, but which have as yet received no adequate physico-chemical explanation; (3) Mitokinetism, a strain-force similar to, but almost certainly distinct from, electrostatic force; (4) processes that find no clear equivalent elsewhere. Moreover, the general *behavior*, the orderly way in which the same end is in different cases reached from different starting points and by different routes, is very characteristic of the living organism.

The chemical processes of the organism require special attention. They may be distinguished into two classes: (1) the grosser actions that go on in cavities like the alimentary canal and the blood-vessels; and (2) the local changes that go on within the living tissues and the cells themselves. The former are, I believe, all, without exception, *destructive*, or retrograde changes, breaking down complex into simple chemical compounds, with liberation of energy, mostly in the form of heat, *dissipative* changes; and these it is usually easy to repeat in our apparatus of glass, metal and caoutchouc, in our laboratory machines. But in class two we find, in addition, many constructive, *accumulative* changes, which have not yet been artificially repeated; and even among the destructive ones no chemist has produced those chemical ferments, such as pepsine, trypsin, etc., which play so important a part in the destructive changes of the cell and of the large cavities themselves. Again, the chemist resorts constantly to isolation and to separation: his vessels are of material that acts as an insulator or barrier to soakage ("osmosis"), to electricity, and, if needed, to heat; he resorts to crystallization, precipitation, filtration, evaporation, and congelation; he utilizes temperatures ranging far above the 30-40° C of living beings, and solv-

ents such as pure alcohol, petrol, benzol and ether, which are deadly to the organism.

Now the cell is composed of colloid substance saturated with solutions of electrolytes pervious to electricity, moderately conducting to heat, and remaining at a uniform temperature such as outside the body will not suffice for the chemical transformations of the chemist, by which he synthesizes organic substances.³ Hence it is admitted that our knowledge of the chemical transformations of the organism is inadequate. But the optimistic mechanist consoles himself by proclaiming that our knowledge of the properties of colloids is incomplete. It is, however, far less incomplete than when this explanation was put forward by Haeckel, over thirty years ago; but the growth of our physico-chemical knowledge, immense as it has been in the interval, has not removed the difficulties I have mentioned; it has not advanced the growth of the physico-chemical school; but, on the contrary, has coincided with its ever-increasing unpopularity among biologists.

In embryology, the study of the evolution of the complex organism from a single cell, the morphological unit or equivalent of a single unit of the adult body offers remarkable examples of the peculiar characters of living organisms. The original cell has for its function to grow at the expense of its enclosed reserves until it divides into two; and this process is repeated for some time without any marked differentiation, until there is an aggregate of cells which form in succession a rounded, mulberry-like heap, a hollow spherical aggregate, and a double-sac, like a lined skull-cap, the hollow being the primitive alimentary cavity. Only af-

ter these changes have taken place is there usually the beginning of differentiation of the cells among one another for the different tissues into which they are to be transformed. At the first division into two these are normally destined to give rise to the right and left halves of the body respectively. The second division specializes the front from the rear. But if at these early stages the embryo be violently shaken, the cells separate, and may develop, each "on its own," to form a complete animal, and not an incomplete one. So if one cell at an early stage be killed and the other or others be left together, the result will be a complete animal, save in so far as deformity may be introduced by the mechanical hindrance due to the presence of the dead cell. Again, if a complete embryo at the stage of the hollow sphere or of the lined cap be cut into two, either half will develop into a complete animal, and that by direct differentiation—not by processes of repair and regeneration. The occurrence of such a division by some accident or by causes that completely escape us occurs—very rarely—in man, and gives rise to "identical twins."⁴

It is interesting to note that Galton has found in a number of cases that identical human twins, brought up under different conditions, have had grave diseases at the same age, and died at nearly the same time. I ascribe this to no mysterious telepathic agency but to the power of the organism to go its own way and to reach its own end under widely different external conditions.

⁴ Twins, generally, are due to simultaneous development in the uterus of distinct eggs, and they may be of opposite sexes; they are comparable to the brood of two or more that most animals throw in a single litter. "True" or "identical" twins appear to be formed as described above; they are always of the same sex, are singularly alike in form, feature and constitution, and are surrounded by a single caul. In French they are distinguished from *jumeaux* as *biasons* from the conjectural Latin, *biasones* — "doublets" familiar to the readers of George Sand.

³ Much has been written of the molecular structure of living protoplasm; but it seems certain that living protoplasm is not a chemical substance, and therefore can have no molecular structure in the chemical sense of the word.

An instance of this persistent obstinacy of the organism is to be seen when for a short time, during the early stages of embryonic development, the "egg" is compressed, so as to lie in a flatland, where all the divisions must be vertical, and all the cells lie in a single plane. If the pressure be now removed, the cells group themselves so as to constitute a normal embryo, though the filiation of the cells of its different parts is wholly different from the normal arrangement. Thus, while we admit that development is according to causal laws, every step being conditioned by the antecedent ones, we cannot reach the threshold of complete understanding on purely necessitarian lines. Let us take a parallel case on our opponents' own mechanical ground. An engine breaks down on a railway, and blocks one line completely and seriously. The superintendent of the line during the time of blocking will despatch all traffic both ways past the block over the free line, making temporary junctions and switches where such are needed; or he may even send the trains by another route. It is, I admit, possible to give an account of the course pursued in terms of necessitarianism only, each fact taking its place in a chain of proximate causes. But the future problem of getting as many trains to their destination as possible with a minimum of delay is never absent from the despatcher's mind; and were he in such a condition as to be incapable of realizing the future, these arrangements would be left undone. We know nothing of the mind of the embryo, or of the individual cell, nor even can we say that it has a mind; but we may safely say that the future is one of the determining factors of its behavior under changed circumstances, and probably even under normal conditions. To declare it inadmissible is to clap the telescope to one's blind eye. This power of what we call meta-

phorically "side-tracking" is in the organism known as "self-regulation": most apparent in the domain of embryology, but everywhere present, and including compensation, repair and strengthening. Despite the antagonistic theories and practices of different nations, races rarely die out. The *à priori* objections to compressing the skull or tight lacing are obvious to all; and yet the Flat-head Indians and the fine ladies of civilized nations continue their respective practices with a surprisingly small amount of harm—most disconcerting in the latter case to the dress-reformer—thanks to their vital powers of readjustment and compensation under widely different conditions.

It is, indeed, consoling to think that the best meant efforts of the faddist who carries theories based on inadequate premises to conclusions in practice that must needs be erroneous cannot do one tithe of the harm that would be done were our bodies, indeed, machines.

Thus the organism differs from a machine in its spontaneity and in its egotism, which may, however, be a racial and not a personal egotism, as in the case of the Protistic parent that loses its individuality in its offspring when it divides, or the Insect-mother that dies in generation. The organism grows itself; it adapts itself for its own or its racial needs, unlike the machine that works for those of the mechanician, the material organism which has selfishly made it for its own ends. This was well pointed out by the late Samuel Butler,⁵ to whose stimulating writings I owe a profound debt of gratitude.

To conclude: We may distinguish all aggregates of matter into three classes: (1) Organisms, which grow and store

⁵ Author of "Erewhon," and of "Life and Habit," "Unconscious Memory," &c. It is true that in some places he would seem to ignore the differences between organisms and machines, but it is easy to attach undue weight to his very seriously worded banter.

energy and matter for their needs and for those of their lineage, and which reproduce, and are self-regulated;

(2) Machines which are aggregates of matter not in continuity with organisms, and which are selected, constructed, or formed by an organism for the purposes of the organism itself or of its race;

(3) Things at large, which do not come into either category, and which are conditioned by their antecedents only.

We can no longer speak of "vital force." Professor Benjamin Moore has suggested the term "biotic" or "biological energy," which seems to me to be equally unavailable. If the transformations of energy were proved

The Contemporary Review.

to be wholly due to material aggregation, we might speak of "vital arrangement." I think it better, however, not to go beyond the facts or to use terms connoting an unknown and assumed entity, such as Ockham would have disallowed⁶ but to content ourselves with speaking of "vital behavior."

For the preceding views I cannot claim more than their presentment in writing: they are those acted on implicitly in practice, and more or less consciously accepted in theory by the majority of working biologists (including psychologists) outside the physiological laboratory, and by a daily increasing proportion of those who work within its dignified portals, despite belated proclamations to the contrary.

Marcus Hartog.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO AXES TO GRIND

Two days after Janie's adventure, Gokal Das made his appearance in the Scythian camp, salaaming with extreme reverence to every person he encountered, but not stopping to exchange salutations. His goal was the tent of Prince Pavel Bakhmatoff, close to that of the General, and here the portly Hindu was evidently well known, for the sentry allowed him to pass without question. Prince Pavel, extended at his ease in a long chair, and beguiling his leisure with a scented cigarette and a delicately iniquitous volume, barely raised his heavy eyelids in greeting.

"I am tired of you," he said, in bad Hindustani, which must have been previously acquired in view of this expedition. "You have assured me once, twice, that you possessed information that would further my wishes, but nothing came of it. It would almost appear that you are trying to make a

fool of me, my very worthy friend."

There was an edge in his voice which suggested that the consequences of such an attempt, even if it was unsuccessful, would not be pleasant, and Gokal Das prostrated himself promptly, touching the ground with his forehead.

"Truly this abject slave can say nothing," he lamented, "since his zeal for the service of the Presence has betrayed him into indiscretion. But not without a cause would he have intruded his wretched carcass into the dwelling of the heaven-descended. He has fresh news, and this time it does not concern the baseborn unbeliever, Ghulam Qadir, but a dweller behind the curtain."

Prince Pavel closed his book, making a great parade of folding a cigarette-paper to keep the place, yawned once and again, then suddenly snapped out, "What have you discovered?"

⁶ "*Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem.*" Such an unnecessary entity, for instance, is the "*Entelechia*" of Hans Driesch, which connotes the striving of the organism for its ultimate weal.

The tone sent a thrill of alarm through Gokal Das, and it was in trembling accents that he replied, still from his lowly position on the ground—

"Passing through the village this morning, this humble one heard a dispute proceeding between a certain goatherd and his employer about a goat that was lost. The master declared that the man had stolen or killed it, but he swore with many oaths that it had escaped down the cliff on which the Miss Sahibs' hospital stands. Then all that heard him raised the voice of derision, crying that the goatherd had allowed it to fall over, and it lay dead at the foot, but he declared it was not so, since there were paths on the face of the cliff by which he had before known goats to climb up and down. 'Nay,' said he, 'the English know them also, for two days since, when I was seeking this very beast, I heard a noise and looked over the cliff, and there was a woman from the Miss Sahibs' house crouching on one of the goat-paths below me. I could not see who she was, but she wore a white head-dress fastened behind, and European clothes.'"

Gokal Das made an effective pause, noting his listener's attitude of quickened attention. Prince Pavel knew that only Janie and Vashti wore ordinary nursing uniform, the caps of the junior nurses being more like vells.

"And what do you imagine she was doing there?" he asked, as the Hindu remained silent.

"Nay, sahib, is it not clear that those wretched beings, the prisoners who escaped, were concealed close by, and the woman was conveying to them food, or a message?"

Prince Pavel jumped up. "You dare to tell me that there are paths leading down the cliff, and hiding-places where the fellows may be concealed, and you

have said nothing about it, so that no search has been made there?"

Half-dead with terror, Gokal Das needed the stimulus of a hearty kick in the ribs before he could be induced to answer. "Nay, sahib," he stammered at last, "this slave has always believed the cliff to be impossible of ascent. But the woman may have been making signals to men concealed further in the hills. Or it may be that the meddlesome fellow Ghulam Qadir, who is always prying where he ought not, has discovered a cave and hidden them in it."

"Ah, you don't mean your old enemy to escape, I see," said Prince Pavel, with something like good humor. "Now see here. I will give you a sergeant and fifteen men. Do you get ropes and ladders, and any men skilled in climbing that you know of, and examine the cliff where the goatherd saw the woman. Find out especially whether there is any secret passage by which she could have reached the spot from the hospital."

"It is an order, sahib. But she had abundant opportunity to slip out at the gate in the side-wall and in again, since the imp of a boy that this slave left on the watch forsook his post to play with another. But this humble one was not to blame!" Gokal Das ended in a crescendo of entreaty, as he gazed up at the Scythian who towered above him.

"I don't know about that. Why didn't you find out what this goatherd had seen, and bring me word before? Then we might have caught the rats in their hole, which we shall hardly do now. But go and examine the cliff, and bring me word instantly if you discover any practicable path, or the entrance to a cave. As to the woman, lay the hand of obedience upon the mouth of discretion. I will deal with her."

Gokal Das wriggled out, with in-

numerable promises of silence, and Prince Pavel sat down to consider his course. He had no intention of taking into his confidence the fellow-volunteers who regarded him as their leader and model, and his uncle the General, for a man who had "lived" in his youth, had distressingly narrow views as to the distractions permissible for an officer in war-time. His ideal confidant would have been Prince George of Agpur, but that potentate, who had been the recipient of much attention from the invaders as "the first representative of the ancient ruling houses of Granthistan to welcome the liberators of their country," and was now practically the Rajah's right hand, was some two days' journey down the road, heading the search for the fugitives. Still, there was another kindred spirit available, in the person of Dhiyan Singh, a young relative of the Rajah, who had been appointed colonel of one of the regiments which had dispensed with the services of their British officers. Dhiyan Singh had marked for himself the post of commander-in-chief, but the army had flatly refused to accept a tyro in that character, and the army, from the part it had taken in the revolution, could make its voice heard with effect. The Rajah had promised his cousin that the delay in fulfilling his wishes should be merely temporary, and Prince George of Agpur had counselled a few weeks' assiduous study of military matters, but Dhiyan Singh had no intention of yielding to the requirements of these degenerate days, which demanded merit, or at least capacity, in the holder of high office. The good old times were come back, in which the representative of his branch of the family was inevitably titular commander-in-chief, and if he was kept out of his rightful post—why, he might choose to become Rajah. The question of professional studies remained in abeyance, therefore, and

Colonel Dhiyan Singh flaunted a resplendent uniform of his own devising before the eyes of his imprisoned predecessor once a-day at least, filling up his time with pursuits even less military in character. To him, as possessed both of leisure and sympathy, Prince Pavel made up his mind to turn, though not entirely without misgiving, for he doubted whether Dhiyan Singh was endowed with that delicate sense of honor so desirable between persons united in a nefarious undertaking. His regiment was engaged in guarding the prison-camp, and Prince Pavel rode down to his quarters, to receive a hearty welcome, for in spite of his new honors, and unbounded opportunities of getting into mischief, Dhiyan Singh was feeling a little bored. The two knew each other well enough to make subterfuge unnecessary, and Prince Pavel plunged into his subject at once.

"I have a clue to the disappearance of the prisoners," he said. "Do you feel any interest in getting them back?"

"If it is not too much trouble," was the reply, as Dhiyan Singh glanced at his questioner with half-shut eyes. "I should be glad to have them back, you understand—very glad, but if they have been foolish enough to take to the mountains, I am not going up there to look for them. The tribes may or may not bring in the one or two who will be left after a fortnight or so."

"This will give you no trouble. I only want you to appear, with a tolerably imposing force, at the English hospital in an hour or two, and arrest the Sister—the woman your people call the Chhoti Miss Sahiba—on a charge of contriving the escape of the prisoners."

"I understand. And where are we to take her?"

"Ah, this is the important part of it. I shall appear and protest against your action, and use my influence with

you to defer the arrest till to-morrow."

"But is it to be deferred?"

"Most certainly; but you will post a guard round the hospital."

"Well, you know your own business best," said Dhiyan Singh, with some contempt, "but why lose your opportunity?"

"I have my uncle to think of; he has developed prejudices," explained Prince Pavel glibly. "When she is arrested, you see, there must be an inquiry. The affair will be known."

"You are as bad as the English," grumbled Dhiyan Singh.

"Because I tell you that she could not disappear without a fuss? Listen, then. I stand her friend, I secure her one night more of freedom, but the arrest takes place to-morrow, for the Rajah upholds you. But when the lady is in prison, I find means to offer her a way of escape. She has confidence in me, for I have helped her already. She escapes, and disappears. It is her own doing, and not even the English could blame either you or me."

"I see," said Dhiyan Singh, and Prince Pavel read in his languid tones the resolution he had expected. The game he had outlined was one at which two could play, but he meant to be the first.

"You will arrive, then, in two hours from now?" he asked. Dhiyan Singh signified his assent, and Prince Pavel rode up to St. Martin's to visit his sick friend.

Nearly two hours later, Vashti, passing through a passage at the back of the hospital building, felt her shoulder clutched in an iron grip. Turning angrily, she found herself confronted by the huge form of Prince Pavel.

"What is the Sahib doing here?" she demanded, with real courage, for the inherited tendency to cringe before the European was making her knees shake. "Does he not know that this place is *pardah*?"

"What were you doing down the cliff the day before yesterday, about this time?" he asked, without attempting to answer her.

"This feeble one down the cliff? I have never been there. No one can get down. There are no paths."

"Do you dare to lie to me?" He gave her a shake. "You were seen."

"The Sahib must be mad," said Vashti sullenly. "Am I a mountain sheep?"

"Do you know what we do with obstinate women in Scythia?" he asked her. "We whip them until they confess. And that is what will be done to you if you persist in these lies. You know you went to carry food to the escaped English prisoners. You were seen, I tell you."

"If the Sahib is bent upon my death, he must kill me," was the despairing answer. "I know nothing of any prisoners, nor of the cliff." Very little was needed to make her break into the wild weeping of her country-women, and Prince Pavel saw that she was sufficiently frightened.

"Don't make a noise," he said, with another shake. "If it was not you, who was it? It was a woman dressed like you."

A light broke upon Vashti. "There is only the Sister Miss Sahib who wears clothes like mine," she said. "And I saw her, that afternoon, with her cap crushed and her apron torn, but she looked like—like a martyr," with a recollection of past studies in church history.

"Like a martyr?" The idea tickled Prince Pavel exceedingly. "At any rate, you have done your best to make her one. Now you may go, but say nothing of having seen me. If you do, there will be another martyr."

Vashti fled, and Prince Pavel turned back towards the isolation ward, just in time to escape Janie, who came hastily out of the hospital.

"Burree, is that you?" she called, hearing his retreating footsteps. "I want you to come and see that woman the police brought in yesterday. I don't like the look of her at all."

Receiving no answer, she hurried towards the house, and Prince Pavel, hearing a commotion at the gate, smiled happily to himself. "I fancy this will be the last thought you will give to that sick woman for some time, little Sister Janie!" he murmured.

Janie paused in astonishment on the verandah steps as Dhiyan Singh swaggered across the courtyard with much sword-clanking and spur-jingling, and Eleanor, hearing the measured tramp of his soldiers, came out to see what was the matter. The moment he was face to face with the two ladies, Dhiyan Singh's manner changed.

"I come on an unpleasant errand," he said, with a manly reluctance very attractive to see. "The Miss Sahibs will not attribute to the unfortunate messenger the acts of his superiors? It is my duty to arrest the Sister Miss Sahiba on suspicion of being concerned in the escape of the English prisoners from the camp."

"But we have had nothing to do with it," gasped Eleanor. "How could we, up here? There must be some mistake. Won't you send a message to the Rajah, Sirdar Sahib, and see if you have not misunderstood him?"

"It is an order," replied Dhiyan Singh sorrowfully. "The Miss Sahibs are just. They understand the duty of a soldier, and will not make it harder for him than it is."

"But where is your warrant?" persisted Eleanor, with a vague idea of gaining time. Dhiyan Singh frowned.

"In Bala, in these days, the word of his Highness is done without a writing to back it," he said. "If it will comfort the Miss Sahibs to behold the exalted seal, I can send down to the camp for the order, but I could have

wished to spare the Sister Miss Sahiba the ride in the dark."

"True; it is getting late," assented Eleanor mechanically. "Where are you going to take her?" she added, with a glimmer of hope—"to the prison-camp?"

"What! to help the rest of the prisoners to escape?" was the swift reply, and a laugh ran down the ranks of the soldiers, whose discipline had not improved since their change of masters. Dhiyan Singh directed an awful frown at them, then turned back to Eleanor and Janie with an expression of regretful firmness. "I can delay no longer, Miss Sahib. It may be his Highness's pleasure to examine the prisoner to-night, but in any case she must be placed in safe custody."

Eleanor and Janie looked at each other hopelessly. "It's no good, Burree," said Janie, answering the depth of anguish in her friend's eyes; "I must go."

"The Sister Miss Sahiba speaks truly," said Dhiyan Singh. "And that the Doctor Miss Sahiba may credit the sincerity of this humble well-wisher. I will exceed my orders by allowing the prisoner to bring with her such things as she needs, and a servant-woman—not a European."

"We both thank you, Sirdar Sahib," said Janie gratefully. "Come, Burree, help me to get ready."

"What does all this mean?" cried a fresh voice, and Prince Pavel Bakhmatoff crossed the courtyard. "Why, Colonel, who would have expected to meet you here?"

"I am on duty," was the reply, given with obvious importance. "I am ordered to arrest the Sister Miss Sahiba, who is accused of having helped the prisoners to escape."

"Sister Janie? Nonsense! Some one has been making a fool of your durbar. This is preposterous."

"It is not for me to listen to abuse of

my superiors, even from an ally," said Dhiyan Singh pompously.

"Of course not; but your order, as affecting a European, ought to have been countersigned by our General. Was it?"

"It is not necessary in matters affecting the public safety. I must do my duty, despite my personal regret."

"Well, look here. If I pledge myself that the prisoner shall be forthcoming in the morning, will you leave the arrest till then, while I see if the matter can't be cleared up? I know very well," added Prince Pavel pathetically, "that I am exposing myself to serious censure for this interference, but I would rather wreck my career than allow these ladies to be put to unnecessary inconvenience."

"Very well. The risk is yours," growled Dhiyan Singh, with a sulkiness which was not at all assumed, since his fellow-conspirator's highly chivalrous attitude had at once thrown his own efforts into the shade. "After all, the matter is your affair more than mine." The meaning tone, and the expression of countenance which accompanied it, were deliberately adopted to catch the attention of Eleanor, and when her terrified eyes rested on him Dhiyan Singh felt a glow of satisfaction. He had at any rate put a spoke in Prince Pavel's wheel. That aspersed individual countered the blow adroitly.

"As Colonel Dhiyan Singh says, the affair is mine," he observed with smiling insolence. "An Asiatic has no concern in matters relating to Europeans. I follow you, Colonel."

He bowed the astonished Dhiyan Singh off the verandah, bowed again with deep respect to Eleanor and Janie, and followed his confederate to the gate, where Arbuthnot stood at attention. Prince Pavel was in a good humor, caused by a full consciousness of his effective exit.

"You are a smart fellow," he said.

"Have you served?"

"In the Police, Sahib."

"I like the look of you. When we march, I will take you as my servant."

"This slave has eaten the salt of the Sarkar, and he now serves the Miss Sahibs," was the reply, respectful but dogged. Prince Pavel's anger flamed out.

"Understand that when I choose a servant I don't ask his leave, nor that of any one else. If I have to flog you every step of the way, you shall come." He emphasized the threat by a blow from his riding-whip, which Arbuthnot warded off with his arm. Dhiyan Singh, who was preparing to mount his horse, laughed sneeringly, and Prince Pavel remembered that he was scarcely likely to ingratiate himself with the ladies by assaulting their servant. With a muttered curse he passed on, to call the attention of his unsatisfactory ally to the necessity for posting sentries round the compound, and in other ways to patch up a temporary truce.

Eleanor and Janie, left to themselves, looked at one another with incredulous eyes. The suddenness of the danger, and the unlooked-for method of deliverance, made the events of the last quarter of an hour seem like a dream. Eleanor recovered herself first.

"Well, there's no doubt how this interval is to be used," she said. "Let us have Ghulam Qadir here."

Abdul Husain was torn from his *hugqa*, protesting that it was not his turn to go on duty for an hour yet, and established at the gate, and Arbuthnot, leaving his shoes at the door, salaamed respectfully to his employers. Janie, the strain of the moment over, had dropped helplessly into a chair, but Eleanor was standing erect, with flushed cheeks.

"There is no one outside?" she said quickly. "Then you must start to-

night, and take Miss Wright by your secret paths to catch up Mr. Brooke's party."

Janie gazed at her aghast. "But I won't go, Burree!" she said, finding her voice at last. Eleanor went on as if she had not spoken.

"Make what arrangements you like; you know better than I do what food you will want. Tell me when you ought to start, and what Miss Wright may take, and she shall be ready."

"Burree, I won't go! Do you think I would leave you all alone, to bear the blame of helping me to escape? I won't be treated as if I was a baby."

Arbuthnot looked at Eleanor as he answered.

"I agree with you that it is the only thing to be done," he said. "The neighborhood is getting a little warm for me, too. I will see about the food. A hold-all and a good thick rug we can manage to carry—not more. I will bring Miss Wright a pair of grass sandals; they will be better than boots for the mountain-paths."

"You don't seem to understand," said Janie with great determination, "that I absolutely refuse to go."

"I am afraid you must," said Arbuthnot calmly. "Brooke and his party are not out of danger yet, and we have the future to think of as well. Miss Weston can tell nothing, for she knows no more than they already suspect. You know that they are examining the face of the cliff at the spot where you were seen the other day?"

"But then they will find out everything," cried Janie. "If they get down to that path they must get to the cave."

"Oh no, they won't," was the dry reply. "Most fortunately, you mentioned to me that you had been seen, you know, and that gave me time to fake the place a little. There is no path now—for the moment—only a short ledge, tapering to nothing at each

end. The pegs which helped you to reach it from here are gone, and so is the bamboo bridge which took one to the cave when that corner was passed. Indeed, there are palpable traces that you reached the ledge by climbing straight down the cliff—even a fragment of your apron caught on a jagged stone about half-way up. Of course, I found it somewhere else, but I took the liberty of transferring it to where it would be useful instead of dangerous. And therefore"—the voice had a tone of finality which forbade any further attempt at opposition—"you need not say that all is lost already, or that you might as well stay here. We will start as soon as possible after it is quite dark, Miss Weston. You know best how late Miss Wright usually appears in the wards. Everything must go on just as usual, for you can't be sure there is not a traitor somewhere. I should like to get as far as possible before morning, for there is a storm coming up, which will cover our traces. We are in luck, for the clouds will help us in leaving here. It would have been very dangerous to get down from the roof in bright moonlight, for they have sentries all round—except on the cliff-face," he added, catching Eleanor's look of consternation. "So please get ready at once." He salaamed again, and went out.

"Burree," said Janie fiercely, "I believe you think I would tell anything I was asked. I know he does."

"If believing that is the only thing that will make you go, you had better believe it," was Eleanor's answer, given wearily. "Oh, Janie, you know I don't think anything of the kind. It isn't what you might tell, but the things they might do to make you tell, that I am afraid of."

"But I don't trust Prince Pavel at all," cried Janie eagerly. "I am sure he was only pretending to help us, and I would much sooner trust Dhiyan

Singh. I never liked him so much before."

"That's exactly it. My dear child, those two are in league. It flashed upon me suddenly when Dhiyan Singh tried to give Prince Pavel away. He was trying to appear our friend, of course, but I am certain there must have been some compact between them before. You had better take my hold-all; it is newer than yours. I will bring it into your room."

"But, Burree,"—Janie held her back forcibly,—"listen to me one minute. How can you do without me? Think of the overwhelming amount of work we have found it for two of us. How could you get through it alone?"

"My dear Janie, I don't know. I only know you are going. I have always had a horror of the Scythians, but after this evening I wouldn't let you stay here if I had to do all the work of the place single-handed."

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

A LION-HUNT IN THE EASTERN TRANSVAAL.

A violent shaking of the frail screen which closes the opening to our reed hut, and we awake, to find that it is the deadest hour of the night, and to catch the voice of our head "boy" outside the door, excitedly exclaiming, "They are here, inkosi; they have arrived." On his last words superimposes itself from somewhere in the night without a long-drawn-out moan, falling in its latter note to deepest bass, immediately followed by a few short coughing grunts, which become lower and lower in tone, till they finally die away in a series of scarcely audible sighs—in fact, that unmistakable voice of the wilderness which even the neophyte can at once recognize, and which seems to express the very spirit of the virgin forest, and of nature in her wildest and most savage, but perhaps by no means least attractive garb.

Again it comes. The tense silence seems to emphasize the volume of sound which suddenly crashes rudely upon it, and then becomes almost oppressive in its ominous potentiality as the last faint sigh dies once more into nothingness. Nothing in wild nature is, or can be, more impressive than the moaning of lions in the dead of night, nor is there any other sound capable

of stirring the hunter or traveller with emotions of so varied a character. On the one hand, anxiety for the safety of his transport animals, coupled, possibly, with vain regrets that the gap in the thorn-fence was not properly repaired, as intended, at sundown; on the other, the thrilling anticipation of a possibly successful day on the morrow.

But the spell is broken. The dogs, for the moment cowed into silence, now rend the air with angry remonstrance, the horses snort, the cattle in the kraal stamp uneasily, while the Kaffirs begin to shout to each other from their huts; the flare of a fire, replenished by an armful of dry sticks, shoots up and sheds a flickering light upon the cattle kraal and the circle of huts surrounding it; and when next heard, the intruders have moved away some little distance from this babel of man and beast. A few directions to the head "boy" and we once more compose ourselves to sleep, and, so far as occasional frantic outbursts from our canine friends will permit, slumber through the two hours or so which precede dawn.

So soon as it is light enough to see, every one is up and doing. Reports

soon come in, from which it appears that two lions—so far as can be judged from the tracks, a male and a female—having, in the course of their midnight wanderings, crossed the line of our wagon and pack animals, which arrived only just before sundown on the previous evening, have followed it as far as the outskirts of the village in which we have spent the night; but, checked by the unwelcome scent of human beings, have not ventured nearer than the edge of the old mealie lands beyond the circle of huts. Here one has paraded up and down, padding the loose soil everywhere with great footprints; while the other, silently skirting the village, has taken up a position on the other side, where the footpath leads down to the river-bank, in the hope, no doubt, that the noise made by its companion will induce some startled animal to break away from the safety of human protection, to fall an easy victim in the outer darkness. Disappointment, however, has upon this occasion been their fate. With the approach of dawn they have drawn off, and their tracks can be clearly defined leading into the sand of the dry river-bed.

The day's programme is now rapidly formulated, and communicated to the natives. We are due back at our station, some twenty-three miles distant, to-day, and with the recollection of many a past disappointment rankling in the mind, it is considered inadvisable to do more than modify the programme. Accordingly, the transport is instructed to move off as originally intended, and to outspan at the first water, some ten miles distant on the road for home, and there await our arrival, or a message which subsequent developments may possibly render necessary.

In the meantime we have partaken of a light breakfast, put some lunch into the saddle-bags, and made the

other necessary small preparations for a possibly long day away from camp. The transport animals are turned out for some preliminary grazing ere their work begins, while we for our part set out accompanied by a couple of good trackers, and a younger native to look after the pony and dogs—the latter comprising three nondescript curs of doubtful parentage, and a couple of terriers. One of the trackers carries a second rifle in case of accidents, and each has a couple of the ordinary short Zulu assagais, and a knobkerrie.

The present opportunity is a particularly welcome one, for there have been many tales of lions from this place, natives continually bringing stories, sometimes of slain zebra, water-buck, or sable, at others of having walked right into a troop of anything between three and eight individuals, one of which has been alleged to be pure white! Accepting these stories with the occasional allowance for embroidery which is necessary, nevertheless there is no doubt that lions have been lately doing a good deal of damage to game hereabouts, which in a game reserve is the one unforgivable sin; while we, and other members of the staff, have, in spite of many attempts, so far not even succeeded in getting a distant view of the marauders, who have invariably found it inconvenient heretofore to make their visits synchronize with those of a white man. We are therefore not unnaturally a little anxious lest any hitch should occur, for the proverbial slip betwixt the cup and the lip is as true in this form of sport as in others.

It is a still and delightfully fresh morning in the early southern spring. The sun has not yet risen, and the mist lies low and dense over the river-bed and the hollows of the veld, but it is too early in the season for the heavy dews which we shall have later on, and the occasional tufts of with-

ered grass which have escaped the annual fires are as dry as bones. Out of the haze across the river comes the resonant "kwank, kwank" of an old wildebeeste bull calling to his friends as they leave the water after their early morning drink; but he is invisible, wrapt, like all else there, in an opaque covering, which renders everything within it a matter of conjecture. The tracks of our quarry are easily traced into the sand-bed of the nearly dry stream—first single prints, and then others joining them from the side. "The old man and his wife," mutter the boys. Along the sand-bed we follow for some half a mile, and so far all is plain sailing, but now the tracks lead up the left bank, and the difficult part of the work commences. The ground is as dry and as hard as baked brick, no rain has fallen for six months, the grass has been burned off, and its black ashes, which might have told a ready tale, have long ago been blown to the four winds; only bare, hard mother-earth, and lumps covered with the spiky bases of the burned grass, like close-cropped hair on a human head, remain. However, the trackers are old hands at their business, and so continue to make very fair, if slow, progress: a leaf disturbed here, a twig broken there, a small stone moved, perhaps even part of a footprint distinctly showing where ground recently turned up by wild pigs, or used as a wallow by wildebeeste, has been trodden upon. Writing, take it all round, difficult enough to read by the most experienced white man, but an open book to the children of the wilderness. Of course, the tracing of any soft-footed animal, such as a lion, on hard ground, is a very much more arduous affair than following up ungulates of any kind, whose hoofs always leave indentations, however faint, which experience learns to recognize. And so we continue to make sure if

tardy progress, the trackers losing no indications, occasionally at fault and stopping for a short whispered consultation, bending down with heads together over some doubtful mark, then moving on more freely as the spoor becomes plainer for a time. The dogs are in leash behind with the pony. There is too much risk of their running ahead, and so perchance disturbing our game prematurely, to allow them to assist at the present juncture, and in this close country; later, should it be necessary to follow up a wounded animal, their presence may be both an assistance and a safeguard.

Our course is now over almost level country, sloping gradually up to the base of the hills three miles to the east, clothed in light thorn bush, interspersed with occasional clumps of larger trees, or with patches of close-growing thorns. The sun has risen ere this, and the mists, as they lift, disclose some of the teeming forest life not yet settled to the sleepy calm which the hot rays will later induce.

Francolins scud away at our approach, running for the nearest sheltering tuft of grass or clump of bush, occasionally taking to the wing with raucous cries of alarm. On the right is heard the "rak-kak-kak" of a flock of crested guinea-fowl, engaged upon their matutinal foraging expedition; a little brown mongoose (*Helogale brunnea*), a variety peculiar to this country, darts *ventre-à-terre* across the line, and stops for just one inquisitive peep ere vanishing into the recesses of the forsaken ant-hill within which he and his friends have formed a populous colony.

Everywhere bird life fills the air with sound, and many and strange are the bush-calls which hail the early sun. "Kong-kong-kolt, kong-kong-kolt," cries a bright-colored shrike from the recesses of a thick bush. From a tree close by a grey lourie warns us in querulous tones to "Go away, go

away!" and we trust that his apparent contempt for our enterprise may not be subsequently justified.

A great martial eagle comes soaring overhead, his breast glinting snowy in the sunlight, and the guinea-fowl, at the sight, redouble their clatter, and cower under the shelter of the nearest covert. In contrast to their behavior,—though, poor things, it is the only course open to them,—as the tyrant of the air sweeps just above the tops of the trees, out dart a couple of tiny birds—bulbuls most likely—and with much clamor and fuss, fluttering all round, but always above him, clearly inform him that his presence is resented in the neighborhood of the spot in which they propose to make their summer home. The eagle sails on, taking no more notice than does a big mastiff of the yapping of toy terriers; and the presumptuous assailants, having escorted him to what they consider to be a safe distance, turn and fly back, full of importance, to continue their day's work.

As we glance back, the last we see of the little play is the mighty bird, now joined by his mate, soaring in great circles over the bush in which the guinea-fowl tremblingly hide, and evidently preparing to open active operations against them. Now a honey guide, with gentle twittering, tries to seduce us from our path, flying from tree to tree on our left, and chattering ever more volubly as we persist in going in what appears to him to be the wrong direction. But we have no time for trivialities: "Suka wena, awo!" says Jafuta, directing a volley of small pebbles at our would-be conductor, who, disappointed and disgusted with our want of enterprise, thereupon departs in high dudgeon to seek some one in more plastic mood.

From a patch of grass springs a steenbuck, lying close, like a hare in her "form," and covers some fifty

yards in graceful bounds ere pulling up to take stock of us.

Just beyond this, wildebeeste tracks have quite obliterated the spoor which we are following; they have grazed all over this bit of veld in the early morning, and thus it is evident that the lions have passed some considerable time, as their tracks are completely foiled. Several long casts are necessary, and it is fully half an hour before the line is once more picked up on the farther side of a piece of stony ground.

While we have been slowly picking our way along, time has flown: it is now nearly 9 A.M., and a light breeze, destined to increase in force as the day wears on, blows from the north almost directly in our faces. All is therefore propitious, provided always that the tracks continue to lead us as they are now doing. The sun is not yet unduly hot, and as we top a small ridge, beneath, and in front of us, stretches a wide vlei, almost green, where here and there a little pool of water still remains in the bed of what is no doubt a torrent in summer. And now truly here is a sight to gladden the eye; directly in front, to the right and to the left, the nearest individuals not more than three hundred yards distant, is a collection of great game such as might recall stories of bygone days. In the immediate foreground, lazily picking the shoots of young grass by the water, standing sleepily about or lying down, is a herd of some forty blue wildebeeste—quaint beasts, huge of head and shaggy of mane, the heavy forehead apparently out of all proportion to the drooping hindquarters, and in contrast to the active clean-cut limbs. A little farther over, on the other side of the stream-bed, the stragglers on this side mingled with the wildebeeste, grazes placidly a troop of Burchell's zebra, their black and white uniforms shining in the sun, and at-

fording no hint of the great difficulty which attends distinguishing them from the surrounding foliage, when the animals are standing in thick bush. It is too far away to make out the shadow stripes between the main ones of black and white, which in this subspecies (*Transvaalensis*) serve to soften the contrast.

Farther up the vlei to the left are some splendid sable antelope, who whisk their tails and toss their scimitared heads in protest against the buzzing flies, as they too take their ease in the cool of the morning. It is a sight which, in the Transvaal at any rate, can only be seen in a game reserve. As we commence to descend the rise, half a dozen sassaby, which had been standing behind some trees on our right front, suddenly make off at that loping canter which appears so cumbersome and heavy, until you test it with your best horse, when you are liable to alter your opinion founded on first observations, for this is the swiftest of all South African antelopes. The movement of the sassaby arouses the rest of the game. The zebra wheel up like a squadron of cavalry, plunging and capering, with tossing manes and elevated tails; the wildebeeste collect in a swirling crowd before spreading into a line to face the intruders. The sable swing into single file and make off for a hundred yards, and then, like the remainder, pull up to find out exactly what is the matter. All stare steadily at the invaders, but there occurs no terror-stricken stampede, such as in these days of modern rifles and swarming shootists is the usual concomitant of the sudden appearance of human beings in the midst of wild game.

The spoor we are following leads straight down to the water.—Investigation shows that the lions have drunk here, and have rolled on the soft grass and scratched up the earth; a few tell-

tale yellow hairs are even found adhering to the grass blades. From this point a well-defined game-track leads north-west up the vlei; the grass, of a different order to that growing in the arid veld surrounding, is all eaten short, and the earth trampled into fine dust by the hoofs of the herds of game which frequent this favorite spot. Straight up the path lead the tracks, and albeit here and there obliterated by later passage of other animals, following them becomes an easy matter, and there are no checks.

About a mile takes us out of this pleasant vlei, and a glance back shows the game very much where it was left, still at times staring after us, and slowly making its way towards the denser bush, where shelter may be obtained from the sun's rays during the warmer hours of the day.

In front, at some distance, another and smaller troop of sable is still grazing on a slope, and a few hundred yards to its right rises the first outlying spur of the hills which we have been obliquely approaching all morning, a nearly precipitous stony ridge, crowned with bush, at its feet a strip of dense cover. The surrounding ground is comparatively open, studded with marula and thorn trees.

The leading tracker stops suddenly and picks something up from the path, holding it out for inspection with a significant grimace: it is a piece of dry sable skin, bearing signs of moulting. Something lying under some bushes a little way off the path on the left simultaneously attracts notice, and proves to be the remains of a sable cow, killed less than a week ago; vultures and jackals have picked the bones clean, and in fact most of them have been carried away, but the appearance of those remaining shows the kill to be recent, and there is clear proof that our friends have been hunting in this neighborhood for some little time—may

even have some favorite resting-place not far away.

The advance is, therefore, conducted with great caution, and every bit of cover in front closely scanned; but the tracks lead straight up towards the hill, and presently we are brought up short by the patch of bush at its base, into which the spoor goes. The said patch of bush proves to be of rather exceptional character. It is nearly rectangular; the sides, which are parallel with the base of the ridge, are some two hundred yards long, and the distance from side to side is not more than sixty yards. It is composed of low but very dense wait-a-bit thorn-bushes, no higher than a man's head, but in many places quite impenetrable, while through the greater part of it runs a thick undergrowth of evergreen leafless shrub, as high as the waist, thornless, but having to be pushed through, so that it is quite impossible to see more than five or six yards in any direction.

Now, although as a general rule lions lying up for the day prefer to have a clear field of view in all directions, and have no very extravagant ideas in the matter of shade, still the present place offers such an ideal lair, overlooking as it does the grazing-ground of several separate herds of game, that it would seem to offer possibilities, and is certainly worth careful attention; so, leaving the boy with pony and dogs a few hundred yards away, one of the trackers is directed to scale a neighboring tree and try to see over the bush, while accompanied by the other we quietly pick our way along the near edge of it, to see if perchance tracks emerge from the side or at the farther end.

Half the distance has not been traversed when the look-out comes running silently up, with every sign of excitement, and pointing to a spot almost opposite to us on the side next

the hill, whispers, "They are there!"

Without a word, and stepping lightly, the whole party retraces its steps and rounds the bush to the opposite side. It now appears that, though growing nearly up to the base of the hill, there are nevertheless a few yards of open if stony ground between, and we are enabled to make our way along. The rifle must be ready and every step cautiously chosen; for if there is to be a chance at all, it will be at close quarters, and a quick one. Moreover, the dry sticks and loose stones underfoot render the chance of an absolute surprise unlikely, unless the animals are very sound asleep—which, as they have not fed last night, is improbable.

Suddenly, and seemingly almost at our left elbow, comes a low deep grunt such as might emanate from a pig of exaggerated proportions and unlimited lung-power. There is no doubt we are discovered, and it is no use persevering farther in this direction. Another plan must be evolved. Instructing one boy to climb a little way up the rocks and keep a good look-out, we run at full speed back the way we came, round the corner of the bush, and make for the up-wind end of it. The breeze is now blowing strongly from the north—that is, parallel with the length of the bush,—and the chances are that our game will break cover from the up-wind end.

Panting, we reach the desired spot, and find that, while commanding a view of nearly all the north end, it is also possible to see right back to where the pony is standing. The stem of a large tree, broken off in some storm about four feet from the ground, and lying at right angles to the front, affords admirable cover; so, resting the barrel of the rifle upon it, we recover our wind and pray that we are not too late.

Not a sound comes from the bush; only a honey-guide twitters perthua-

ciously from the branches of a tree behind us.

Then something catches the eye; it is impossible to say what it was, and now it is gone. It might have been a bird hopping from twig to twig, possibly a squirrel; but certainly something moved in the bush. Tense stillness again for more than a minute, and then undoubtedly, just where the thorn-trees and undergrowth thin out into a vista of bare twigs and long dry spear-grass, appears a tawny patch which was not there before. A warning glance back at the boy, who squats two of three yards behind with the second rifle, and we slip down the safety catch of our weapon just as, in absolute silence, a full-grown lioness walks quietly out into the open, some seventy paces away. She must have been standing listening for some time before venturing out; but we are across the wind from her, and were careful to keep absolutely still behind our cover, so that no doubt she concluded that the coast was clear. Twenty yards will take her into another clump of bush, and then good-bye; so there is no time to be lost. Perhaps this causes some undue haste in taking aim; but anyhow, as the report rings out, the lioness pitches forward on her head, half recovers herself, and crashes into some thorn-trees, where she remains still. For a few seconds we stay where we are, covering her; but as no further movement takes place, walk slowly up, to find the animal wedged into the fork of twin saplings, her head sunk between her extended forepaws—the former, as well as the back of the neck, covered with blood. Allowing a little too much, in the hurry of the moment, the bullet must, as she walked along with lowered head, have got her through the neck instead of through the shoulder; but it is all the same—or so we complacently think. The lookout boy now arrives on the scene to

say that another lion came out on his side of the bush, but, seeing him, growled and went back again. "Was it a male or a female?" He doesn't know—was too excited to notice; he thinks a male, because it was very big. We now bend over to see where the bullet actually struck, and have scarcely become conscious of the fact that the blood is still oozing from the wound, when the "dead" lioness quivers and gives a wriggle preparatory to trying to get up! It is perhaps lucky she is well jammed between the saplings. The rifle is, of course, still in our hands, and it is the work of a fraction of a second to place a bullet at close quarters through her head, upon which she finally collapses. A hurried investigation now reveals the fact that the first bullet passed through the fleshy part of the neck too high up, and only grazed the skull without fracturing it—a case of mere temporary stunning.

Anyway there is no doubt about her being dead now, so it is time to try and settle accounts with her companion, who must still be within the thicket. A programme is rapidly discussed and agreed upon, and one of the boys races off and soon returns leading the dogs, which, accompanied by the two trackers, are to enter the bush from the windward side and beat it down, the while we ourselves take up a position somewhere down wind. The probabilities are that the lion will not face the noise and scent of the beaters, but will break back somewhere to leeward and afford the chance of a shot. Accordingly we retire to where the pony stands, order it back another three hundred yards for safety's sake, and proceed to take up a tactical position, partially sheltered from view by the stem of a marula tree growing some forty yards from the south-western angle of the bush, and commanding the long side up to the point whence

the lioness was secured, and the short southern end up to the base of the hill, a distance of something over a hundred yards. A good view is obtained of two full sides, the beaters and dogs fill up a third, leaving the only open side that next the hill, and even if the animal should attempt to escape by scaling the latter, there will most likely be the chance of a shot at under three hundred yards.

The next few minutes are rather exciting; nearer and nearer approaches the sound of the drive; the tapping of spear-hafts on trees, the running fire of remarks kept up by the beaters to encourage one another; soon even the noise made by the dogs in brushing through the undergrowth can be heard; but not a sign so far of anything else. The swaying of the bushes as the boys push them aside can be seen now close at hand, and "No good, he has slipped away somehow," is the dominant thought in the mind, then—"Why, there are the dogs already, and what in the world is the pony doing there?" as a chestnut outline with three or four small objects around it indistinctly looms up within the bush. The idea has not had time to take proper shape, when we realize that we are face to face with a huge, gaunt lioness, who stands just on the edge of the covert, directly in our front, perfectly motionless, except the head, which is well up and moving slowly from side to side as she glances suspiciously about: round her feet run several small cubs, rather larger than terriers. It is eminently a moment for action: an angry lioness with young cubs is not the sort of animal that one can trifle with with impunity, and there is a sinister look about this particular one which distinctly says "Look out!"

The very feeling that a good deal may depend upon the success of the first shot serves to quell excitement and to steady the fore-sight on the mark,

and even to bring to mind the tendency of the rifle to throw high at that short distance. For the rest, the chance is a magnificent one: she has not yet noticed us, and just as the glare of her eyes seems to focus in our direction the .350 speaks; its voice is followed by a succession of tremendous grunts and roars, as the stricken beast spins round three or four times, falls, rises again, and then drops on her right side, still roaring. As she falls, a second shot catches her, and she lies still.

The last echo has barely died away when an uproar of barking and snarling arises from close at hand. Shouting to the boys, who have been awaiting the course of events in the background, to come along and help to catch the cubs, we only stop for a moment to be assured that the mother is really dead, and rush on to save her offspring from the dogs. So dense is the undergrowth that it is impossible for the moment to see what is going on, or to force a way, except upon hands and knees, to the scene of present strife. When eventually, after much rending of garments and scratching of face and hands, the spot is attained, one of the cubs is discovered on its back putting up a gallant but losing fight against two small dogs and one larger one. The latter has just succeeded in getting a grip, and holds on, teeth and claws notwithstanding: it is a difficult matter to separate the animals, and, when this has been done, a still harder one to secure the cub, who is quite ungrateful for his rescue, and snarls, scratches, and bites with undiminished ardor, so that all the spare handkerchiefs and straps have to be requisitioned in order to secure him ere he can be reduced to a state of comparative quiet. A queer little chap he is, weighing perhaps twelve pounds, and with a ridiculously large head in proportion to the body; his coat, very thick and soft and fluffy, and pitted all over with dark,

nearly black spots, destined to fade later in life. His voice is out of all proportion to his age and appearance, and its hoarse gruff tones by no means suggest babyhood. He is probably some six weeks old. The other cubs have for the time disappeared, and the dogs have all collected, attracted by the uproar; so as it is by this time getting most disagreeably warm, a halt is called, and the water-bottle interviewed.

The last lioness is certainly well above the average size, and it is no wonder that her pugs in the morning were mistaken for those of a male lion. She stands exceptionally high at the shoulder, and this, combined with her dark color, almost excuses our mistaking her for the pony in the shade of the thick bush: there is a grim set look about her face even in death, which makes us feel extremely glad that the first shot was not bungled,—as a matter of fact, it hit her just on the point of the near shoulder, and traversed the body as far as the fourth rib on the off side, so that without the aid of the second shot, through the heart, she was finished.

There is no doubt that these two lionesses, very probably mother and daughter, have been lying up in this patch of bush ever since the birth of the cubs, and preying on the game in the vicinity: indeed an investigation of the interior later in the day shows that they have been there for some time, and that the mother has been in the habit of bringing back tit-bits each morning for the delectation of her offspring.

Jafuta and George sit down to exchange amenities. "Awo," remarks the former, "that gun shoots strong; when I saw the spoor of the little ones, I was afraid we were going to have trouble. Here, you, Inyonyoni, take the inkosi's horse down to the water, and bring some back for us; it has been

thirsty work, and we deserve the rest."

Indeed it has not been a bad morning's work; it is so seldom that carefully laid plans come off in all their details, that it is excusable to feel some slight elation. Thoughts travel back to the last lion-hunt, when after painfully having followed the tracks from rosy morn even unto dewy eve, through a waterless country, and over the most uncompromising of boulders and exasperating of shingle, the chase had eventually to be abandoned and a ten-mile tramp back to camp undertaken in the dark, to find on our arrival that no supper had been cooked,—indeed, the water not even fetched.

Or the time before that, when—but no matter; why dwell upon those depressing reminiscences when to-day, at any rate, Fortune has decided to put on her most gracious smiles? Without doubt it is a case in which she has earned the fullest meed of thanks, taking into consideration the scarcity of lions in this Eastern Transvaal these latter days. Of course it was not always thus. Native tradition, and even memory, goes back to a period when they abounded past all belief, but that period is gone never to return; and fresh kills, which elsewhere afford to the hunter the opportunity of an almost certain bag at the expense of but a little midnight vigilance and with the minimum of exertion to himself, are seldom happened upon. As a rule, the game-ranger has to trust to hearing lions in the hush of early dawn, and must then make for the approximate point, in the hope of hitting the tracks and by following them up of eventually surprising the animals as they lie sleeping through the heat of the day. Or again, should they be reported present in a certain locality, he must patrol the dry sand-spruits for many weary hours on the chance of picking up some recent spoor, and

thereafter following it up in similar manner; but many a long blank day necessarily falls to his lot, for if lions are marked down to one spot, unless they happen to have killed there, next day there is the one place within a twenty-mile radius where it would be waste of time to seek them, for they are great travellers, and where not numerous each family has a relatively large area free to roam over without risk of trespassing on a neighbor's preserve.

There are, however, compensations about this method of hunting, and one of them is that when success has been achieved, the hard work accomplished undoubtedly lends zest to the satisfaction experienced subsequently; and after all, walking the beast up by fair heel-and-toe work somehow appeals more to the sporting instinct than does firing at him from a hunter's shelter or from the branches of a tree at midnight, although these latter methods, besides the success often attending them, undoubtedly form most interesting experiences.

It is already nearly noon. The wagon, with all the camp equipment, is doubtless by now many miles away, for the chase has led us in the exact opposite direction to the route taken by our followers, and it is necessary to summon it back at once if we desire to experience the comforts of bed and supper this night. Moreover, it behooves us to obtain assistance in order to carry the skins and meat back to camp, as well as to ensure the safe and speedy capture and conveyance of the remainder of the family, who are not, in the meantime, likely to move far away from the spot in which the whole of their short lives has hitherto been spent. Therefore, while one boy speeds off after the distant wagon, another, in charge of the vehemently protesting cub, makes slower progress back to the village, with orders to collect and

return with all the natives he can find; though, as there had been rumors in the morning of a dance and beer-drink at some neighboring kraal, we have our doubts as to there being any very immediate response to the summons.

We are now left alone with Jafuta; the horse has been off-saddled and knee-haltered, and, after the self-reliant method of South African equines, proceeds leisurely to make his way towards the more tempting pasture of the valley. The sun blazes in the zenith out of a sky of brass, while the north wind, like a blast from the mouth of a furnace, blows ever more fiercely; all the instincts cry for rest and shade, but unless the skins are without delay taken off the defunct lionesses, lying exposed to the full glare of the midday sun, the hair on their coats is likely to slip, so that no time must be lost. There may be hotter work than a task of this kind furnishes, in shadeless veld and under the combined conditions of tropical sun and scorching wind, but if there is, we have no desire to experience it, and when at last it is over and the precious pelts placed under an evergreen bush big enough to cover them, it is with an inexpressible feeling of luxury and ease that we avail ourselves of such shade as a leafless thorn-tree affords. The sun, beating on the back while we bend to the work, has made the head swim and ache, and luncheon is, for the time, disregarded until we can get reasonably cool. Only the insect world seems now alive, and we envy its almost blatant disregard of the heat, as flies and ants bestow busy and unremitting attentions upon us. A couple of little laughing doves were perched on our tree, gasping from the heat, and barely summon energy to flutter off to another one a few yards away. In the middle distance, the pony stands head down on the least exposed side of a patch of scrubby trees; the dogs have

long since disappeared, probably to lie down in the nearest water-hole; close at hand, from a slight depression, where he has rolled under the smallest of bushes, come the snores of our faithful retainer, whose slumbers the most pertinacious of flies is unable to discompose. The howling of the horrible wind is the only sound to be heard, and one's skin parches and every bit of moisture in one's body seems to dry up under its influence. Sometimes, to get up and walk about seems cooler than to sit still, but no sooner has one done so than the previous form of discomfort appears preferable. And so the long hours pass. We have eaten, and feel better, and the sun, beginning to be enveloped in a mass of haze, is declining towards the west. The troop of sable, which has been invisible all day, now suddenly appears across the valley, the animals all staring fixedly in one direction, and then, breaking into a canter, once more disappear from sight. Jafuta sits up and rubs his eyes, and stares also, and after a few minutes a long file of natives, women in front loaded with calabashes and men behind swinging sticks, appears, threading its way out of the opposite bush. It is the relief party at last. With it comes the boy who took away the lion cub, and from him we learn that the little animal died very soon after arriving at the village. Probably the mauling he received from the dogs had been more severe than it had at the time appeared, and doubtless his wants, in the shape of water and so on, after arrival, did not receive any great consideration.

A few curs have accompanied the fresh arrivals, and dogs and natives now plunge into the lion-bush, taking it carefully from end to end. In ten minutes two more growling and scratching little furies have been secured, and having been this time rescued at once from the dogs, are made

fast with wallet-straps and stirrup-leathers. They prove to be a male and a female, and the depth and volume of their voices, when raised together in protest, are surprising, coming from animals so small.

The cutting up of the carcasses follows; no food ranks higher in the native mind than lion-meat, and not a scrap is wasted. Calabashes are stuffed full of blood and small portions, men and women are soon loaded up with the joints, and presently the procession begins in the twilight to make its way homewards. Following the native footpaths, the distance is greater than it was coming out in the morning, and at each kraal passed the people, such of them as do not already form a component part of our procession, come running from beside the flickering fires, where the mealie porridge is cooking in great three-legged pots, or crawling out from the low-browed portals of their grass huts; fat little mites in the garb of nature, scantily clad young women, old ladies bent and wrinkled from a life of toil, but shrilly airing their views and rebuking with but little elaboration of politeness any younger member of the community rash enough to express an opinion of a different nature; here and there an old patriarch, rheumatic and leaning on his stick, hobbles forward wrapped in his blanket, or an able-bodied youth, too indolent to come out and help, saunters up to exchange chaff with, or offer advice to, the men who are in charge of the cubs.

But the greater part of the scanty population has joined in what has become a kind of triumphal march; some one commences singing one of those deep-toned, interminable native chants, of which the words and chorus, though quite unpremeditated, are readily taken up by every Kafir within hearing, and the events of the day, the doings of the principal actors, past occurrences of a

similar nature, perhaps the singer's own past exploits, real or fancied, are exhaustively gone into,—the chorus keeping admirable time, and ever and anon, to give emphasis to some special point, clashing their sticks together.

And so, amid much shouting and rejoicing, principally induced by anticipation of the great feast expected on the morrow, the kraal whence we sallied forth early in the morning is again reached. By this time it is quite dark, nor are there any signs of the return of the wagon; indeed it is a question whether on a moonless night such as this it will succeed in tracing its way by the narrow and thorn-impeded bush-path which is the only available route. For ourselves, we can sup very well off roasted mealie-cobs, and it is no great hardship to sleep without a blanket, but we are anxious about the cubs: there are neither boxes, baskets, nor any other means of confining them to be found in the kraal; and it is important to untie their bonds and induce them to drink some milk as soon as possible, as they have been without anything since the morning, and have suffered considerably from fright as well as from their continuous and frantic struggles and vocal efforts.

However, for the present there seems nothing to do but to sit down and wait patiently. The natives, having deposited their loads, either return to their various abodes, their voices still raised in melody gradually dying away with their receding steps, or squat down round the fires to smoke their beloved dagga, and go over the day's doings again, to an accompaniment of coughing, choking, and shouting, which matches, if it does not drown, the yelping and growling of all the dogs in the neighborhood, collected to mob the two captives, which on their side, safely protected by the mud walls of a hut, are by no means behindhand in adding their quota to the general uproar.

Amid all this babel it is vain to strain the ears for sounds indicative of the returning wagon, and it is not until it has actually arrived at the river—about 10 P.M.—that we have any idea that it is at hand. But now the voice of the driver is heard uplifted after the unmistakable manner of him who would endeavor to urge on the South African trek ox to extra exertion. There is undoubtedly something wrong, for such phrases as "Links, Blaauberg, Boschmann, trek jul schelms!" come with wearisome regularity from the same spot, as each ox in turn is singled out for admonition, while the great whip cracks again and again with reports like pistol-shots.

The parties round the fires break up, and there is a general movement towards the drift. Here the oxen are found to be standing up to their knees in water, the wagon itself having just reached that point where the impetus of descent from the farther bank has been lost and the pull-out commences. The animals have had a long day, and are evidently relapsing into that state of passive resistance so characteristic of them when they consider that they have worked beyond the legitimate limit, and that it is time to chew the cud. With heads down and deaf to all persuasion, they appear quite prepared to spend the night in their present position, regardless of the fact that there is but one little pull-out betwixt them and camp. Obviously the only thing to do is to off-load the wagon as quickly as may be, and the instructions to that effect having been given, the covering sheet is hauled off, and all sorts of stores and impedimenta are passed down and borne up to the kraal; the darkness being responsible for much shedding of smaller articles about the banks, in the bush, and even into the water, some to be retrieved scatheless next day, others to be rolled shapeless under the hoofs of the oxen

and the wheels of the wagon. Naturally, taking full advantage of the friendly shades of night, every one does his best to secure the lightest article he can to carry, and so while the really heavy things, which make a tangible difference to the weight of the load, are left to the very last, and then only removed by special order, odds and ends, such as writing materials, books, loose straps, and so on, which might well have been allowed to remain, are seized upon with avidity, and unfortunately it is quite impossible under the circumstances to check the waste of energy adequately. Each is laudably anxious that each should work hard, and there is much reproof of laggards and great stimulation of other people's energies the while the individual staggers off, with well-stimulated groans and sighs, bearing a load which might possibly turn the scale at five pounds, chuckling to himself as he thinks how his neighbor will have the more work to do.

After a while a lantern is unearthed from some recess, and we are then able to take charge of operations with greater success, so that business really proceeds, and in a few minutes the vehicle has been sufficiently lightened to render progress possible. Now with every one pushing on the wheels and axles, amid a volley of yells and whip-cracks, it at last makes a little ground; the oxen, finding but slight strain on the yokes, suddenly make up their minds for another effort; the shouts are redoubled, and with a groan and a heave the wagon creaks up the hither bank, and is once more on level and firm ground; thence it is but a few hundred yards into camp, and while

every one is congratulating and praising himself at the top of his voice for having done the lion's share of the work,—every one, that is to say, excepting the driver, who is by this time too hoarse for conversation,—we hurry back, and having picked out a fair-sized packing-case from among the miscellaneous items strewing the ground, and looked out a hammer and nails, quickly form a receptacle for the two captives, which, with their limbs at last unbound, are soon in comparative comfort, and even grabbing savagely at a few morsels of meat offered them upon the end of a stick. We can elaborate better arrangements to-morrow. In the meantime, after a light meal, it is a luxury to be able at last to get between the blankets with a clear conscience.

The wind died down at sunset, and the hot blustering day has given place to one of those delightful still African nights, when the temperature seems the very acme of perfection, and the stars shine clear and steady out of a vault of deepest indigo. The noises of the kraal die away, and there are at last only heard the usual sounds of the tropical night, the calls of the night birds, the chirping of the crickets, and the voices of the bull-frogs. A reed-buck whistles not far from the kraal, warning his mate of some danger real or fancied, and from the river comes once the "kwag, kwag, kwag" of some zebras slaking their thirst. From far away there reach us more indefinite sounds, so faintly borne that they may be anything, and as we dimly speculate about their nature, they merge into the realm of dreamland, and we fall asleep.

Blackwood's Magazine,

AUTHOR TO ARTIST.*"Nunquamne reponam?"*

Dear James, I have your card;
 And, under protest, I will go
 Next Sunday afternoon and throw
 Upon your private picture-show
 A cursory regard.

As for my sense of paint,
 I never could contrive to tell
 Whether it's handled ill or well,
 Though I appreciate the smell,
 Which turns me sick and faint.

And I can seldom judge
 What the design is meant to be,
 Or know, without a printed key,
 A "nocturne" from a "symphony,"
 Or either from a smudge.

Still, as your card has shown,
 If honestly it seems to you
 My patronage is worth a sou
 It's not for me to take a view
 Less sanguine than your own.

Besides, I like to think
 I'll find some living pictures there
 (Women of fashion, wondrous fair,
 Come to expose their fresh spring-wear)
 And lots to eat and drink.

But if I prattle Art,
 Praising your work's ideal aim,
 Don't hope to make me buy the same,
 If that is your insidious game
 I simply *will not* part.

For well your conscience knows
 That you in turn would smile awry,
 Finding my humor fairly dry,

Were I to hint that you should buy
The stuff that I compose.

Some day I'll hold a test:
I too will circulate a card
And rope you in to listen hard
While the *chefs d'œuvre* of me the bard
Are flung from off my chest.

Some sultry afternoon
I picture you, profoundly bored,
Hearing my epic, *Gideon's Sword*,
Followed by *Lines to One Adored*,
Jetsam and *Nuts in June*.

Round you shall lie whole reams
Of order forms that quote the charge
For luxe-editions wide of marge,
And I will watch you gaze at large
Musing on other themes.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

"LOS PEARES, UN MINUTO."

The line ran close beside the Minho, which foamed and brawled in the deep channel it had cut between the hills. Along the banks thickets of oleanders grew, mixed here and there with tamarisks. Clouds of white mist, raised by the sun after a touch of frost, hung over everything, shrouding the chestnut forests, half-way up the trees, leaving their tops, as it were, detached and floating in the air.

It lingered in the stacks of maize, making them look like bee-hives. About the curious little hutches of rough stone, in which the peasants in Galicia store their Indian corn, it clung, leaving their squat stone crosses, suspended in the air without a base, as if, by a perpetual miracle, they were sustained, through some mysterious

power. Then, the sun rose in all its glory, and as the train slowly crawled past, jangling and creaking like a bullock-cart, all the old agricultural life, such as that which Theocritus or Columella have described, was plain in all the beauty of its old-world simpleness and charm. Impassive men stood herding sheep, leaning upon their sticks.

Girls held sleek, coffee-colored cows by a long rope to graze, and twirled their distaffs, as they watched them eat. Women washed clothes, at great stone tanks fed by a rill that issued from the rocks, conducted in a cane, and over-arched with vines.

As they knelt in a row, dressed in bright red and yellow petticoats, with scarlet handkerchiefs upon their heads, their wooden shoes appearing like ca-

noes behind their tucked-up skirts, they sang, a natural, harsh, wild song that penetrated to the marrow of the bones. Sometimes from other working places or from fields, other high voices answered them, and so a dialogue went on, just as it passes between birds unseen in a deep wood, all in a minor key. Primitive bullock-wagons, with solid wheels, and sides of wicker-work, like those on Roman coins, slowly crawled on the roads. The gentle oxen, swaying to and fro, just as a man walks, wrapped in a Spanish cloak, appeared fabulous as they turned towards each other, when the driver touched them with his goad, or called them by their names, exhorting them to be themselves and pull. The wheels creaked with a jarring sound, and seemed to sing as if a swarm of bees had been imprisoned in the axle, making a noise which, as the peasants say, both stimulates the beasts and frightens wolves, and is agreeable to those who do not care for progress and modernity, or the sharp whiz of steam.

Under the brown-tiled eaves long rows of maize-cobs ripened in the sun, and on the bushes here and there red and blue rags, and petticoats were hung to dry, and stood out blotchily, like colors on a painter's palette, against the grass, and the metallic-looking scrub of arbutus.

In the minute and old-world gardens grew patches of cabbages, upon high stalks, like that which the old-fashioned Scotch knew as "long kale," and by the steps which led up to the houses plants of red salvia, and underneath the pollard oak trees, the autumn crocus spotted the grass like stars. Up many of the hills terraces of vines, all turning red and purple, mounted in tiers, and through the gorges now and then a distant bagpipe wailed like a soul in pain.

As the train wriggled like a snake

through tunnels, the engine taking the short curves just as a bicyclist wheels in and out of heavy traffic in a street, creeping along the edge of precipices, and then emerging once again through woods into the cultivated fields, it passed a village, and drew up at a little station, near the river's bank. A crowd blocked all the place, and on the houses men stood gazing; boys seated in the trees looked down upon the lines; and as the porter, in a nasal voice, called "*Los Peares, un Minuto*," it was at once apparent that the cry was quite illusory, for piles of boxes, bags, and bedding crowded the platform, whilst the perspiring stationmaster struggled in vain to make a passage to the train. The crowd surged to and fro, and to the questions of the passengers, women in tears, and boys excited by the crush and noise, replied that the whole hamlet known as Val de Cabras was going to Buenos Ayres, taking their priest with them, to found another Val de Cabras, out on the southern plains. As always happens in a country such as Spain, where time is of no value, the people rushed about as if the Day of Judgment were at hand. The stationmaster, who, if no one had been in the train would have allowed it minutes beyond its time, was sweating blood and water to get every one on board. Old women hugged their sons, and men stood stifling down their tears, their patched and parti-colored clothes looking in keeping with the scene. Girls raised an almost Arab wail, and in the midst of the confusion stood the priest, a stalwart, red-cheeked countryman, surrounded by a group of people, who held him, some by his hands, some by the lapel of his coat, and all pressed round him as a swarming hive presses about its queen, conscious he was the centre of their little world, wrenched up from its foundations and so soon to be absorbed in the mysterious continent beyond the seas, which either swallows

up their fellows, just as a fish sucks down a fly, or else returns them, rich and unrecognizable, at the end of years. And as the people struggled round the priest, those who had elected to remain behind, kissing his clothes, the men grasping his hands in theirs—hard, horny and deformed by toil—and asking for his blessing, he turned now and again towards the gate, behind which stood a row of donkeys and of mules, tied up to posts, with colored blankets on their saddles, and their heads nodding in the sun. Women, with colored flannel petticoats, red, green, and yellow, like a bed of tulips, clattered across the platform in their wooden clogs, and boys raised the shrill cry they use in Portugal and in Galicia when excited, which sounds like a horse neighing, and from the crowd of hot, perspiring men and women there came a smell as of wild animals, mixed with the scent of bundles of salt fish, which almost all of them bore in their hands. Some dragged great parcels wrapped in striped blankets tied with innumerable knots, and others carried on their shoulders the little ark-shaped trunks, covered with cowskin with the hair on, that look as if they had been made upon the pattern of a medieval coffin, which, on a platform, seem as if they mourned the bullock-wagon where they had passed their lives.

Hard, knotted hands reached out and grasped, for the last time, others as hard and toil-stained, which were thrust towards them through the palings, and men clasped one another with their heads looking over each other's shoulders, just as the patriarchs of Scripture embraced and wept upon each others' breasts, and quite as naturally. A universal sob shook the whole crowd, which billowed to and fro, like water agitated in a tank, resisting all the efforts of the stationmaster to get the train away at its appointed time.

At last, when all the bundles and the trunks, the water-bottles, and the poor household treasures, which the excited villagers, driven from their idyllic old-world life by weighing-down taxation, were taking with them, to wring and salve their hearts in the New World, were put on board, the priest was left alone, holding a bulky umbrella in his hand. The porter clanged upon the bell, the futile horn, which hangs upon a nail in Spanish stations, tootled feebly, and deep down below, the Minho dashing through the rocks, roared a farewell to those who, in the future, would, in the rivers they would know, hear nothing but an oily gurgle, and the occasional hollow sound of the alluvial soil as it fell into the deep and muddy stream, that had undermined the banks.

The emigrants all climbed into the train, and from the crowd assembled rose a cry, "The blessing, father; bless us once more before you go"; but he, standing with one foot on the steps, still looked towards the palings, when through the crowd a breathless boy came forcing his way, and dragging by a string a white and liver-colored pointer, which, when it saw the priest, rushed forward, and fawned upon his knees.

Handing his umbrella to a woman in the train, he drew his left hand hurriedly across his face, leaving a snuffy mark, where it had met the tear, and then, patting the dog upon his head, murmured: "Adios, Navarro," and with an effort and a gulp, steadily gave his blessing, as the companion of his rambles whined and strained upon the rope.

Rough, friendly hands stretched out and drew the priest into the train, which, after jolting heavily, began to wind about through the deep cuttings in the rocks, emerging now and then close to the road, on which stood groups of people, waving and shouting their farewells. Just as it passed the last

house of the village running close to the road, an olive-colored man upon a mule, stood in his stirrups, and with uplifted hand made a cross in the air, as the train, gathering way, slipped past and, entering a tunnel, was swallowed up and lost to those who, standing on the platform, stood waving handkerchiefs, and gazed with yearning eyes at the last carriages as they vanished from their sight. Then it emerged again into the sun, and a girl washing by a stream, her donkey tied beside her, putting one arm across its neck, waved a red dripping petticoat, and the train, puffing and snorting, resolutely set its face towards that Buenos Ayres which was to make and mar its freight.

It bore them westward towards a land bare of traditions, of vegetation, of everything that hitherto had made their lives; a land in which their children would be educated men, not knowing good from evil, as their fathers in a rudimentary way had dimly comprehended them, where they would eat their fill and lose their individuality, becoming uncomprehending instruments of the greatness of a vast empire, and from whence they would regard Galicia with a mixed feeling of contempt and pity, after the fashion of self-educated men.

But every puff the wheezing engine made, it took the emigrants further away from their old, hungry, but idyllic life; further away from beehives, made from the section of a cork tree, and laid in rows amongst the lavender and thyme; further away from the sleek, mild-eyed oxen, and from the "romería," where they had danced "mulñeiras" to the sound of "gaita" and of pipe.

No more the ploughman in the deserted Val de Cabras would return home at night, carrying his plough, after the fashion of the ploughmen of whom the Georgics treat, or girls at

evening time gather round the steps of the stone fountains and gossip as their hooped wooden buckets automatically were filled through long tin pipes, fitted upon the iron nozzle, where the water flowed. Lovers would no more linger in the oak woods of an evening, and tell the tale that never wearies those who tell or listen to it, whether amongst the cistus-carpeted "robledos" of Galicia, or in the alleys of a town. Each jolt and jerk upon the coupling chain, and each white bellowing burst of steam, left the deserted village more deserted, more given over to the decay that soon would settle on it, when in the winter nights the snow would lodge unheeded on the roofs, and the wolves scamper through the streets.

And as it twisted on the track, winding and wheeling through the tunnels, and emerging now and then into the sunshine, the people, sitting hunched amongst their bundles, broke into a high-pitched song, which floated in the balmy, pine-scented air, and was taken up from one end to the other of the train. Cistus and lavender, thyme, burnet, and wild marjoram, germander, and the dead leaves of oak and chestnut, gave out their aromatic scent, and floating in the sun, white butterflies were borne across the Minho, skimming the streams, and soaring steadily across the linn.

Nature had put on all her charms, to make the parting bitter, and to fix more firmly an eternal sad recollection in their minds of their lost homes. Nothing was left of the departing village, but the name, and a few elders, who had remained behind to hunger and neglect; and in some other village, perhaps, Navarro, left to the care of some strange priest, sorrowed and wondered, for the great Power that chastens whom He cares for, extends a hand even upon the dogs of those He blesses with His love.

R. B. Cunningham Graham.

PROBATIONARY.

V.

A year passed and Dick was still at Kordinghee. The cold weather with its camps and shikar had been a brief respite, but the hot weather set in before the end of February. In June Dick found himself praying for the rains that did not come. In the first week of July heavy thunderstorms swept over Kordinghee, promising relief. A few mocking raindrops spattered on the roof and the clouds passed over, leaving the earth parched. There was no green underfoot, no blue overhead, no color anywhere; only a copper earth melting in the horizon into a copper sky.

When the second week of July opened, and the monsoon had not broken, the heat became almost unendurable. Since March Dick had slept in the garden; but, inside or out, sleep needed a deal of wooing. Through the night the brain-fever bird shrieked in crescendo from the millingtonia, a shrill insistent persecution. In the fields all round, where urchins were scaring the bats from the mangoes, the intermittent drumming of kerosene oil-tins made night hideous. Siva's bull broke into Dick's garden, and nosed and grunted among the withered Ipomeas. Dick lay on his Palghat sleeping-mat and perspired in the still air. He threw off his pyjama-coat and perspired still. When a leaf stirred he put it on again and perspired more. The long shadows of the cocoanut palms threw a deceitful shade across the grass in which there was no coolth. Their great fronds glittered with a metallic sheen. The very rays of the moon seemed to emit heat, and as her silver car crossed the sky Dick rose hour by hour and dragged his bed farther into the shade.

It was on such a night that the informer came. Dick lay in the borderland of sleep. He was not awake, though he heard all the hours strike. He was not asleep, for he knew he was in bed trying to sleep. His brain received the images of sleep, and was only half deceived by them. They took the form of conspirators, lurked behind the dark croton hedge, passed stealthily over moonlit spaces to stab victims in the shadow beyond viler than themselves. For a whole week Dick had been absorbed in a criminal case that had baffled him, and that evening his inspector had unravelled the intrigue for him, discovering subtle motives that had been unintelligible, revealing a network of by-issues too sordid to be believed. Dick lived in perplexity; he could not understand the native mind—he lost himself in the tortuousness of it. And now at night intrigues thickened round him. At ten he despised them as vain menaces; at eleven he was a little troubled by them; at twelve they became uncomfortably insistent; at one he was mercifully in their grasp.

And then he heard a voice.

It is not really a voice, he thought; I am dreaming dreams. None of these shapes are real. I must shake them off; but if I make the effort I will wake up, and then I will not be able to go to sleep again.

Again the voice spoke: "Presence, Presence, hear me,—there is trouble."

Dick turned over uneasily on his side. The voice penetrated his dreams. Consciousness came to him like a flood, sagging through his fiction-haunted brain. The figure beside his bed was substantial. He saw an old man, a priest, with a shaven head and a thin emaciated figure, naked except for a loin-cloth.

"Who are you?" Dick said, "and why

have you come to me in the middle of the night?"

"At what other hour could I approach the Presence unobserved?"

"What do you want? what is in your mind that you should be afraid to come to me by the light of day?"

"Lord, it is a very secret matter: murder is being done."

"Where do you come from?"

"From the palace; but it is a very secret matter. Great persons are concerned."

"Speak openly—conceal nothing."

"The Flower Wife is being poisoned by Venkata Sastri."

"How do you come by this?"

"It is known by many in the palace."

"And who are you? Seat yourself, and unfold your tale."

The old man sat on the grass, Buddha-wise, his ankles interlaced: the strong moonlight shone on his pate and revealed every wrinkle of his brow, every knob and depression of his bony frame. It played in the interstices of his bead necklace.

"Three months ago," he said, "it became known that Parbuti Rani was with child. Since that day she has been dying."

"And this, you think, is the act of Venkata Sastri the Astrologer, the Chandra Raja's man?"

"Sahib, I know it—God knows it."

"Have you any evidence, any witnesses?"

"They are afraid—they will not speak."

"And you—why dare you speak?"

"Sahib, I am an old man. I am waiting to die. What else is there for me to fear? I am a Brahmin of Kadamkotah. The Raja sent me in the train of Parbuti Bibi to Kordinghee. Your honor knows the danger there is for her here. At first Lajvanti Rani installed a fakir in the house to destroy her with magical charms. Now Venkata Sastri is employing poison. Kord-

inghee is an old man without authority. His mind is impaired with excess—his body also. Lajvanti Rani is without child—she is barren. If no child is born to Parbuti, the Flower Wife, the Chandra Raja succeeds to the *gadi*, and after him his sons. He is an evil man; he comes and goes in the Palace when and where he will, and no word is said."

"And has Parbuti Rani no party?"

"Sahib, she is of no account. She has only an old waiting-woman to tend her. All the zenana ladies slight her. Before the coming of the heir was known she wished to die. No one came near her but left a thorn rankling. To make her suffer indignity was a game the ladies played. They called her 'the pauper girl.' She has no jewels worth a *bigha*.¹ Kadamkotah sent her undowered; her clothes were mean. Even at her betrothal she was shamed. When the nephew was invested with the holy thread she entreated me with tears to go to her father and bring her all—all the jewels in his house. She wore them and returned them secretly the next day. Even so she was a poor woman among the others. The Raja is demented. Lajvanti Rani diverts his gifts cunningly as a ryot turns a water-channel into his own fields. Yet there was safety in it, for where pride has no legs there is no cause to fly. Now another proverb fits. Bare acres are a safeguard when the country is overrun, but where the harvest is rich sword is the sickle."

"To reap husbandman and crop?"

"To lay both waste. The Presence is wise."

"Does Kadamkotah know?"

"He is coming. The old servant sent him word that his daughter is sick. But what can he do? Three parts of his estate are mortgaged to Kordinghee."

¹ A piece of land nearly equivalent to an acre.

"Will you lay an information?"

"What would it avail, sahib? Who would dare to act? The Sircar sleeps the other side of the hills. The *munai* is a timid man; he is avaricious; he is not of the sahib's race."

"The arm of the Sircar is long," Dick said. But he knew the old man spoke the truth. A woman might be murdered like a rat in the palace and the world hear nothing. Who was to enter the *zenana*? How was one to know whether she was dead or alive? In Gooma, near by, Government had paid an annuity to an old dowager seven years after she had died. Kordinghee was more remote. It was an outlying subdivision separated from the district to which it was attached officially by a thinly-populated malarious mountain-range—an old-world, conservative, Brahmin-ridden place where prejudices ran strong and authority resided in priests who were guided in their counsels by a self-interest to which the Raja's family and the officials of the palace knew how to minister. Caste was rigidly observed there. The observances of ritual existed intact as they had done the last two thousand years. The Brahmins enjoyed their prescribed circle of sanctity within a wide radius; pariahs receded at their approach, fearful lest they should defile the air they breathed. Nowhere was birth more respected.

The Raja, a Ksatriya, whose family was of immemorial antiquity, was a weak-minded debauchee, but not imbecile enough to be deposed. The collector of the district had represented to headquarters that he was not capable of managing his own affairs, and that the estate should be put under the control of the Court of Wards and a European manager appointed. But while the proposal was being considered, news of it leaked out and was communicated to Kordinghee, where it was resented so bitterly by the Raja's fam-

ily that the matter was allowed to drop. Kordinghee was a dangerous place to stir up, and the official world was well content if nothing was heard of it. Thus the attitude of the local government to the Zemindari became one of those questions which were docketed to be taken in hand when more urgent matters admitted. In the meantime Bose was, perhaps, the best man for the spot. He was not likely to stir up muddy waters, or to go an inch beyond official orders. He might be trusted never to undertake a responsibility. And this was exactly what Government wanted, since they had no strong man of initiative they could spare to put on guard until their views as to the Kordinghee question had crystallized into something like a definite policy.

Dick lay still and pondered over it all. If the Rani died suddenly he could not act without a civil warrant for a post-mortem. He knew that Bose would do nothing. The Bengali was much too cautious to stake his official career on the word of one irresponsible witness, who would almost certainly be bribed or intimidated to perjure himself at the trial. Yet Dick was confident that the old man spoke the truth.

"I hear Bose Sahib is somewhere away in the district," he said. "Do you know where he is?"

"He is at Mahendrapuram."

Again Dick fell into silence. Mahendrapuram was a hundred and twenty miles away in the hills, and there was no telegraph. He revolved many issues in his mind. Whatever happened he would do the straight, disinterested thing. Then all at once he was filled with an illuminating prescience of what this news might mean to him. The glow of imminent and decisive combat, the exaltation of a crisis to be met and determined by himself alone, thrilled through him, quickening his pulses. He turned to the Brahmin.

"Now leave me, old man," he said. "You did well to come to me. If the Rani still lives, return at the same hour to-morrow night."

The Brahmin rose. "If it be God's will," he said, "that the Rani be avenged, the Presence is the avenger chosen."

When he had gone, Dick sank into a peaceful sleep. The cries of the urchins scaring away the bats from the mango-trees and the beating of their tin drums acclaimed him leader as he rode at the head of his men scattering the rioters. Then the consciousness of Veronica's presence interpenetrated his dreams. She became real, tangible! She was sitting by his side under the three elms in Kensington Gardens, the love-light in her eyes. And there was something of pride and confidence in them that had lurked there before under the long gray lashes, but now shone transcendent to consecrate her proven cavalier. He woke to the touch of her lips. The almond-scented fragrance of them lingered with him as the sun rose at Kordinghee.

VI.

It was Wednesday, and the dāk runner with the English mail was due at Kordinghee between six and seven in the morning. Dick listened for him by his compound gate. The man wore a loin-cloth and sandals, and carried a staff with jingling bells to frighten the wild beasts. His long black hair curling crisply upwards hung loose behind and jogged on his shoulders as he ran in time with his bells. When he passed Dick rode after him to the post-office. He saw the bag opened, detached Veronica's large square gray envelope in a moment, took care that it was stamped before any other, and carried it off to his bungalow.

Kordinghee had entered so much into Dick's soul that he began to think of the life there as the normal Anglo-

Indian existence. It made Veronica seem so infinitely remote. In his weekly letters to her he extenuated nothing. He dwelt on the loneliness and stagnation of the place, the almost insupportable heat of it, the enervating steaminess of the rains, the malaria which no one escaped, the plague of insects and snakes, and the mould and mildew that invaded everything. He explained that these hardships were the everyday facts of life, and that there were no luxuries to mitigate them. Good servants refused to stay in Kordinghee, and one was waited on by dirty, uncouth men, who stole and lied and were incorrigibly stupid. Nothing could be bought in the bazaar except tough goat and chicken. And meals alternated between different preparations of these dainties badly cooked in rancid *ghew* and served up with insipid native vegetables.

Dick told Veronica all this. Yet her letters were always cheerful, making light of everything, saying that nothing mattered so long as she and Dick were together, and that the only dreadful thing which could happen would be for them to be separated until she was an old woman, scraggy and thirty, and Dick did not care for her any more.

She would have come to him if he had let her. But to take advantage of her courage and devotion, when she insisted on doing so, knowing the kind of life she would have to lead,—the idea of it never crossed Dick's mind.

So he saw Veronica receding from him. The months instead of bringing them nearer seemed to leave them farther apart. Dick said he had no right to marry until he could send her to the hills for eight months in the year in case he was stationed at a place like Kordinghee.

But Wednesday was always a happy day. Veronica's letter pierced the deepest gloom.

"I love a hot climate," she wrote.

"Anything is better than these horrid raw English winters, and the summers are getting almost as bad. I could never be lonely anywhere so long as I had you. The snakes and insects are horrid, but we will keep a man especially to go round killing them all day. I don't mind about the tough goat and mutton. I never liked any kind of meat very much. Besides, I am learning to cook, and I will be able to make you the most lovely little cakes and meringues. It is silly of you not to let me come, Dick, because I know you want me. But it will be all right. I feel certain we will be together before a year, and not at Kordinghee."

Veronica's letter made him happier than he had ever been at Kordinghee. The vision of her, glad and confident and triumphing in her proven faith in him, had come like an omen on his resolution. Her caress at dawn was a fairy spell which tumbled over all the dragons of officialdom. The Collector of the District, the Superintendent of Police, the Deputy Inspector-General, the Inspector-General himself, the Governor of the Presidency, would stand by in helpless protest, while he, Dick French, Probationary Acting Assistant-Superintendent of Police, would enter the lists and give them a lead. They had no Kordinghee policy; then he would give them one. And he would take the initiative in such a way that they would have to see it through. The situation loomed immense to Dick. It played havoc with his modesty.

The day passed, and as there had been no wailing in the street, Dick gathered that the Rani still lived. At half-past ten he went to inspect the sentry at the Treasury. He was strolling back by the light of the full moon when the old Brahmin emerged from the shadow of a tree and stood in his path.

"The Flower Wife is dead," he said. "When did she die?"

"At nine. The day is one of ill-omen for the house. The Chandra Raja would have been better pleased if she had passed in the last phase of the moon's orbit."

"When is the burning?"

"At four in the afternoon, at the ghat."

"Has Kadamkotah come?"

"He has not yet come. What will the Presence do?"

Dick paused, regarding him. He believed in the old man's story, but he did not trust the man.

"Your evidence will be sufficient," he said.

"Before God I will give evidence," he said. "But I am an old man, and I am alone in this. The others are afraid. And if Kadamkotah does not come, where do I stand?"

"You say you will give evidence before God, but will you give evidence before man?"

"I swear it. If I do not speak the truth, may I have no friend to lay me on the ground when I die."

Dick looked into his eyes and read fear and cunning there. He knew the old man lied, but he had seen too much of the Telugus to resent it. So far the priest had been instinctively loyal to his salt, but things had reached a crisis in which loyalty meant chivalry—an alien plant in that soil. Men might die to preserve their caste or for a point of ritual, but Dick knew there was not a man in Kordinghee who would sacrifice himself for a generous ideal. In his heart he had not expected it. The Brahmin was no longer an ally: he was a source of danger.

"God dwells there where truth is respected," Dick quoted. "The day will come when you will be called upon to bear witness. I have a plan by which I think the Chandra Raja and Venkata Sastri will be brought to justice. Your evidence will be needed. But I cannot act to-day or to-morrow.

I will first see Bose Sahib. In the meanwhile bring me news of everything that goes on inside the palace."

Blackwood's Magazine,

The old man was palpably relieved. He went off thinking that Dick had bowed to the inevitable.

Edmund Candler.

(To be concluded.)

TIPPING.

The frequency with which the custom of giving tips is discussed expresses the degree of tyranny which it is felt to exert. Yet the tyranny, so far from being removed, becomes even more firmly established. If the pressure of unorganized public opinion were of any avail, tipping would have ceased to exist in the last few years, for in every discussion of it—and there have been many in this period—it has been held to be a nuisance that in many respects ought to be abated. The law against illicit commissions is only one manifestation of the state of feeling about all kinds of unofficial or super-numerary payments. If mere opinion, then, without a regularized plan of action were enough, the result would certainly be felt by this time. Yet we read in an article in the *Times* that tipping has latterly spread to parts of the world where formerly no trace of it existed, because to tolerate it would have been regarded as a renunciation of independence. To take a sum of money which is obviously out of proportion, and sometimes quite fantastically so, to the worth of the services it is supposed to reward is to enter into a relation of dependence to the giver and by implication to acknowledge his superiority. In countries where every man felt that he was as good as every one else people used to scorn the small eleemosynary award as an insult. A man had no superiors. But the writer in the *Times* says that nowadays even the "free miner" in the Western States of America will accept a tip for show-

ing you round a placer camp, and evidently expects it. In Egypt and Turkey, he says, the word "tip" is displacing 'backsheesh.' In London he finds that the tip has been steadily increasing in amount during the last ten years. Formerly "a piece of silver was always enough to awaken the waiter's smile; a few coppers were a sufficient guarantee that he would bring you your hat and coat with the requisite deference. To-day the waiter at any good West-end restaurant expects from 15 to 20 per cent. on the amount of your bill. Anything else causes him to cast on you that look which the boldest flinch from."

Does not that last phrase suggest the explanation of the progress of tipping? The writer in the *Times*, many of whose remarks seem to us to be made on quite insufficient evidence, says that it is really the fault of the management of the restaurants. Of course there are several senses in which we may speak of its being somebody's fault; but in the sense in which the writer appears to intend it we should say that it certainly is not the fault of the managers. With them it is purely a matter of supply and demand. They want their labor as cheaply as they can get it compatibly with efficiency, and if the waiters are known to receive handsome tips, the managers can cut down their wages, or even exact from them a fee for the privilege of waiting. The rise in the amount of tips could be measured almost exactly if we could examine the wages-bills in the large res-

taurants. Economically the managers are no more to blame than the waiters; both want to earn as much as they can; and as self-interest is the impulse of all industrial endeavor, it is quite right that they should wish to do so. If any one is to be blamed, it is the giver of the extravagant tip, who yields to a kind of moral blackmail, and is intimidated by "that look which the boldest flinch from." If the pernicious practice of forcing up the scale of tips were to continue much further than the point it is said to have reached now, only the rich would be able to purchase in certain restaurants the brief gratification of the waiter's smile or immunity from the terrible look. And unless economic law is suspended in the dealings of the managers of restaurants and their waiters, it is of course true that the waiter does not profit, or at least not for long, to the full extent of the increase of tips. The competition becomes greater for the most auriferous appointments, and the managers, responding readily enough to the changing indications, reduce the wages they pay or increase their exactions. So clear is this to the waiters that they often try to free themselves from the system of tipping altogether.

In every discussion of tipping we have observed that it is common to deplore the difficulties created for women. No doubt a woman who is, say, traveling abroad and is hectored by a bully is in a very uncomfortable position; but our own conviction is that, so far as indirectly creating temptation for bulles and extortioners goes by the habit of overpaying, women do not compare with men. Men yield more easily to the moral blackmail. A man is more apt to feel that the charge of a want of generosity is damaging to his sex. Men are less bold than women in paying cabmen the legal fare; they are far more sensitive to the "look which the boldest flinch from." But let us add

that in the case of paying cab-drivers there is the reservation, which may be a genuine argument or only a convenient excuse for not resisting, that a cabman could perhaps not make a living if he never got anything but his exact fare. However that may be, we fancy that few women inflict on themselves the torturing anxiety confessed to by the young man in *Candida*. *Candida* asks him, with the sympathetic inflection of voice which would wring confidences from a stone, why he had looked so haggard and worried in the cab. "I was thinking," is the answer, "what I ought to pay the cabman."

Not all extra payments of money for services rendered ought to be catalogued as tips to be condemned. It is no tyranny if a man wishes to acknowledge in a material way attentiveness to his comfort or interests, and the giver gains as much satisfaction as the recipient. The tyranny is maintained and made acute entirely by those who are kind to themselves only by being unfair to others. The writer in the *Times* says that he saw some one give a porter half-a-crown the other day for carrying a bag fifty yards. When this person entered a carriage he held a kind of levée of porters at his door, all of course hoping that largess would be showered upon them, and meanwhile neglecting the wants of poorer but more sensible, and we might even say less selfish, people. Heavy tips are the pauperization of manners. We have often noticed that men who habitually expect tips do not say "Thank you" unless the tip is above the average, whereas a person who habitually expects no more than the fulfilment of the terms of a definite bargain usually does say "Thank you." An omnibus conductor who collects pennies without a hope of windfalls says "Thank you" more often than a cabdriver. But if heavy tips are the ruin of good manners in the receiver, they are frequently

a sign of bad breeding in the giver. No well-bred person would ruthlessly buy popularity for himself at the cost of being utterly inconsiderate to his fellows. At least if unnecessarily heavy tipping is not a sort of snobbery, it must be the result of ignorance. Rich foreigners on going to a country cheaper than their own may easily carry their standards of payment with them and do harm unwittingly.

But there is no excuse for persons in country houses where their host and his servants are of their own nationality. Yet the writer in the *Times* declares that it is in country houses that the most odious abuses of tipping exist. Time was, he tells us, when a man of moderate means could accept an invitation for a "week-end" knowing that a pound would meet all the necessary donations, or for a day's shooting knowing that the head-keeper would be satisfied with a pound, and his assistants with half-sovereigns, or even less. Today, however, he says, five times as much is expected and paid as a matter of course; and if you tip the chauffeur, or the groom who drives the dog-cart, according to the old scale, his manner is apt to be positively impertinent. He records the experience of one of his friends who offered a head-keeper two sovereigns, whereupon the man put his hand behind his back and said, "This is a paper house, Sir," meaning that he expected nothing less than five pounds. He makes the reservation that there are still country houses where such things could not happen. But his conclusion is that it is cheaper as a rule to spend a "week-end" at a good hotel than in a rich friend's house. We are sure that he has overstated the case, perhaps allowing exceptional instances unfairly to bias his judgment. The houses where such vulgarity as he de-

The Spectator.

scribes is allowed to exist through the complaisance or the negligence of the host are easily avoided, and certainly are not numerous. Our own experience has been that the better class of English servants are extraordinarily quick to estimate the paying capacity of a guest, and are very ready to accept graciously a gift which they think in accordance with his means, however small it may be. The writer in the *Times* approves the plan adopted in one private house of forbidding all the servants to accept money individually, and of establishing a general fund into which presents may be paid for distribution at appointed times. Personally we should not care for this method, which makes a private house too much like a club, unless we were sure that the abuses of tipping could not be removed in any other way. The "week-end" habit puts a great strain on servants, and they undoubtedly deserve extra pay, especially for the heavy work on Sundays. But we believe that if a kind of tariff were generally consented to, and it were regarded by wellbred people as "not playing the game" to exceed it, the fashion would spread, and no one need be in doubt as to what was expected of him. Among a certain class such a tariff has long existed, and is not very high. If it is being widely disturbed, as the writer in the *Times* implies, owing to the action of people who do not know any better, it is possible, we should think, to reaffirm it. The obscure but efficient machinery notoriously exists for the dissemination of a new fashion in clothes, in the use of a phrase, and even in the manner of shaking hands. Why should not this machinery be definitely employed for the desirable purpose of imposing a universal rule of honor about tips?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss or Mrs. Grace Livingstone Hill Lutz's "*Marcia Schuyler*" is a tale of a mad marriage which ended well in spite of probability, and if it were related with less attention to unimportant particulars, it would be a charming book. The heroine, to spare her sister's betrothed the unpleasant experience of returning to his home unmarried, weds him herself when, on the day of her bridal, her sister runs away with another man. Being virtuous the two thus hastily joined are happy, but not until after many days and weeks of uncomfortable endurance of the surprise of his kindred; of the unkindness of a lady who had marked him for her own; the attempts of his errant love to return to him, and the unwelcome attentions of a rather clumsy Lothario. Marcia and David are a charming pair of lovers to remember, although one does have to linger over long to learn their fate. J. B. Lippincott Company.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are to publish Captain Amundsen's "*The Northwest Passage*." The book tells the story of one of the most noteworthy achievements in the long history of polar exploration, and it would appear from the reports of those who have read the manuscript, that it tells it extremely well. The secretary of the Royal Geographical Society pronounces it the most important book in its field since Nansen's "*Farthest North*" and Bjorn-jerne Bjornson writes that the book is the most entertaining among the whole of the North Pole literature, and adds:

It possesses a peculiar property which I wish to draw attention to. It captivates the imagination of boys and youths so strongly that it has a beneficial effect, as every page tells what a precious treasure a healthy and vigorous body is, and what a courageous

spirit it imparts; the result is that your Book, from the Polar Regions, has become a boon to the Norwegian youths, who will strive to accomplish similar things.

Mr. Holman Day's "*King Spruce*" demands the attention of those interested in forestry, in the relations of small capitalists and great, and in a good love story. Whether by good luck or by the reading of all previous fiction describing Maine lumbering from the day of "*Richard Edmy*" to the present year, the author has avoided the hackneyed scenes and personages, and has made a story of originality and power, and he writes with the ease of perfect knowledge. Not often does one feel like pardoning a real poet for laying aside his lyre for another instrument; but, good as Mr. Day's verse is, his story is better. May Heaven forgive his publishers for calling it the "*Lorna Doone of the Woods!*" Imagine John Ridd a peaceful looking college man among giant lumber men, and Lorna a lumber king's daughter living in her father's comfortable home! "*King Spruce*" has no need of praise by inferential comparison. Harper & Brothers.

The opening chapters of Miss Alice Brown's "*Rose MacLeod*," coming under attention while the mind was yet tingling with the impression of Miss Sedgwick's "*A Fountain Sealed*," encouraged the suspicion that the two authors had happened to encounter one and the same female prig, and had yielded to the irresistible impulse natural to truthful and just women, to set her forth as they saw her. Miss Brown's Electra was a shade less voluble and plausible than Miss Sedgwick's Imogen, but she was almost equally addicted to clothing ugly intentions in fine words, and she had not

Imogen's excuse of inheriting disagreeable traits and unfounded prejudices, and one half-fearful that she, too, was eventually to triumph over the finer natures to which she was opposed. Evidently Miss Brown's book must have been completed before Miss Sedgwick's was published, and what more probable than that they should choose similar paths for similar characters? The event proved the fear to have been groundless, and the sole victim of Electra's temperament is herself, and in the closing chapters of "Rose MacLeod" one sees her going forth to certain discomfiture and most unpleasant enlightenment, and instead of her stealing the lover of a better woman, her own escapes from her. As to the other personages in the two stories, none in the later reflects any in the earlier, although possibly Markham MacLeod may be no bad likeness of Imogen's father, who must have been a miracle of moral ugliness, but MacLeod's daughter, Rose, is evidently "only the child of her mother." Reared by him, in the sophistries of certain sects of world reformers, she has innocently sinned against social laws, but is too clear of intellect and just in reasoning to reckon herself as needing repentance, and quite impervious to the assaults of Electra's narrow bigotry. Victorious against her, she triumphs also in winning the man whom she loves to abandon his position of self-abnegation and to do himself justice, and she successfully frees herself from the bondage into which her father casts nearly all who come under his influence. In MacLeod himself, although he is visible in but a few scenes, Miss Brown has made a masterly sketch of the "philanthropic" charlatan, strong, voluble, unscrupulous, overwhelming, resolved against laboring with his hands, the monstrous parasite of human foolishness, and especially of feminine foolishness. The type appeared and re-ap-

peared so often among the English speaking races of the nineteenth century that it has been studied many times, but its blighting influence upon those placed under its shadow has never been better exhibited. The most original and most striking characters of the tale remain for comment; first Osmond, the deformed man redeemed from the bondage of his defects partly by his grandmother's devotion, and partly by his own magnificent force of character, the successful antagonist of evil in others, the man who has conquered self and therefore dreads naught under the hollow sky; and second, Madam Fulton, the perpetual child, whose moral sense has never developed, but whose charm is such that the most severe word that one can apply to her most mischievous prank is "naughty." If Osmond be a noble conception, Madam Fulton is a miracle of delicacy. A tiny Dresden figure, she smiles elusively as she meditates upon the book of reminiscences, which she "made up," in pure irresponsibility, because she wanted money, and it was such fun; her pretty head is poised audaciously as she silences Electra's platitudes, and frightens her now with strong words, and now with coquetries with her old lover, faithful to her for fifty years and tenderly desirous of making her last days happy. The wicked pleasure of watching the encounters between her and her painfully good granddaughter, and her acceptance of her old lover's devotion would make a book otherwise dull worth more than one reading, but they are added to Rose MacLeod rather as a relief to the serious plot, than as a part of it. Old lovers are not so common in fiction that Madam Fulton and Billy Stark may not be remembered for many a season, even remembered perhaps when Osmond is forgotten. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

